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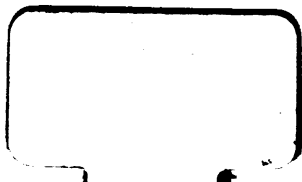
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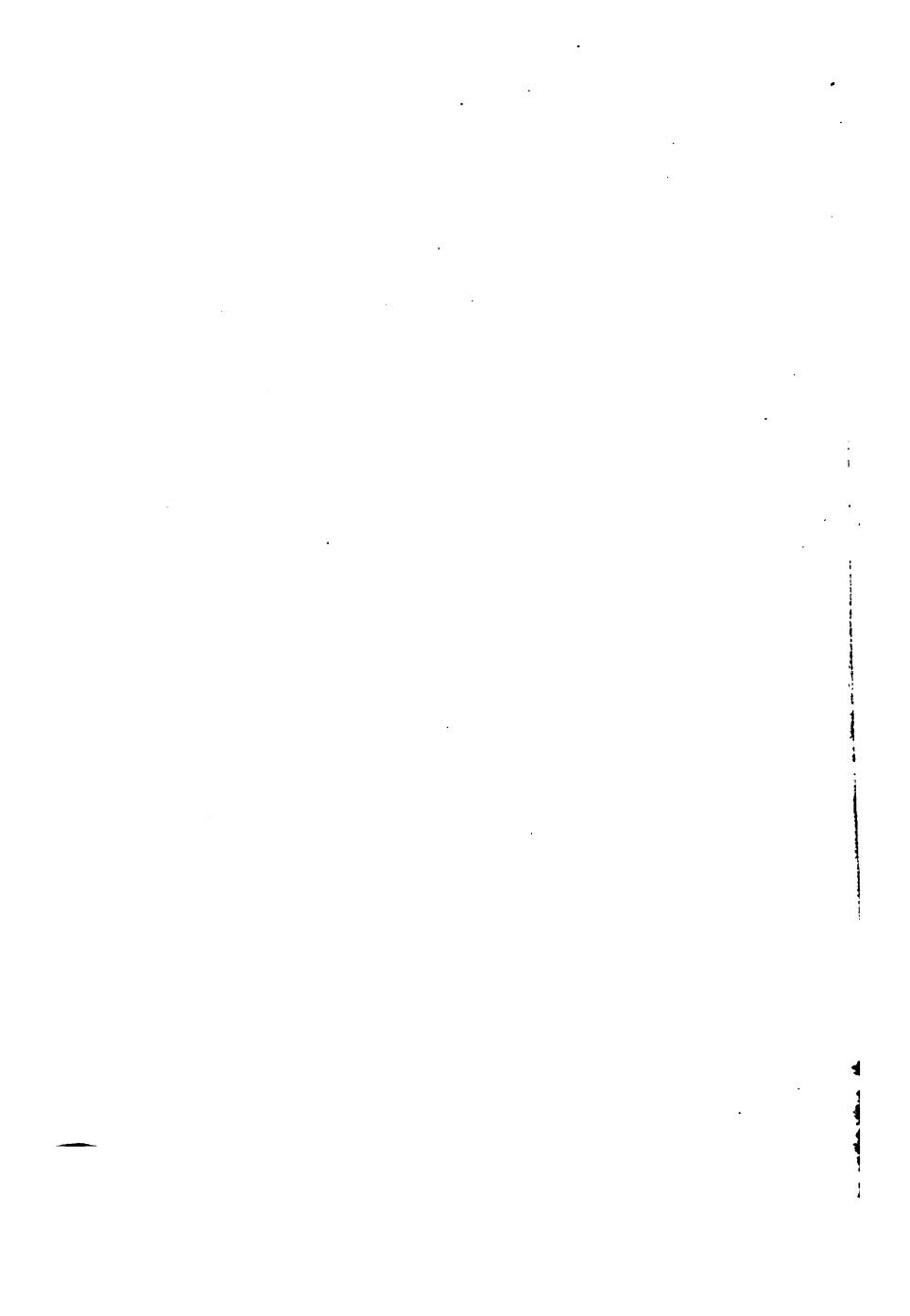
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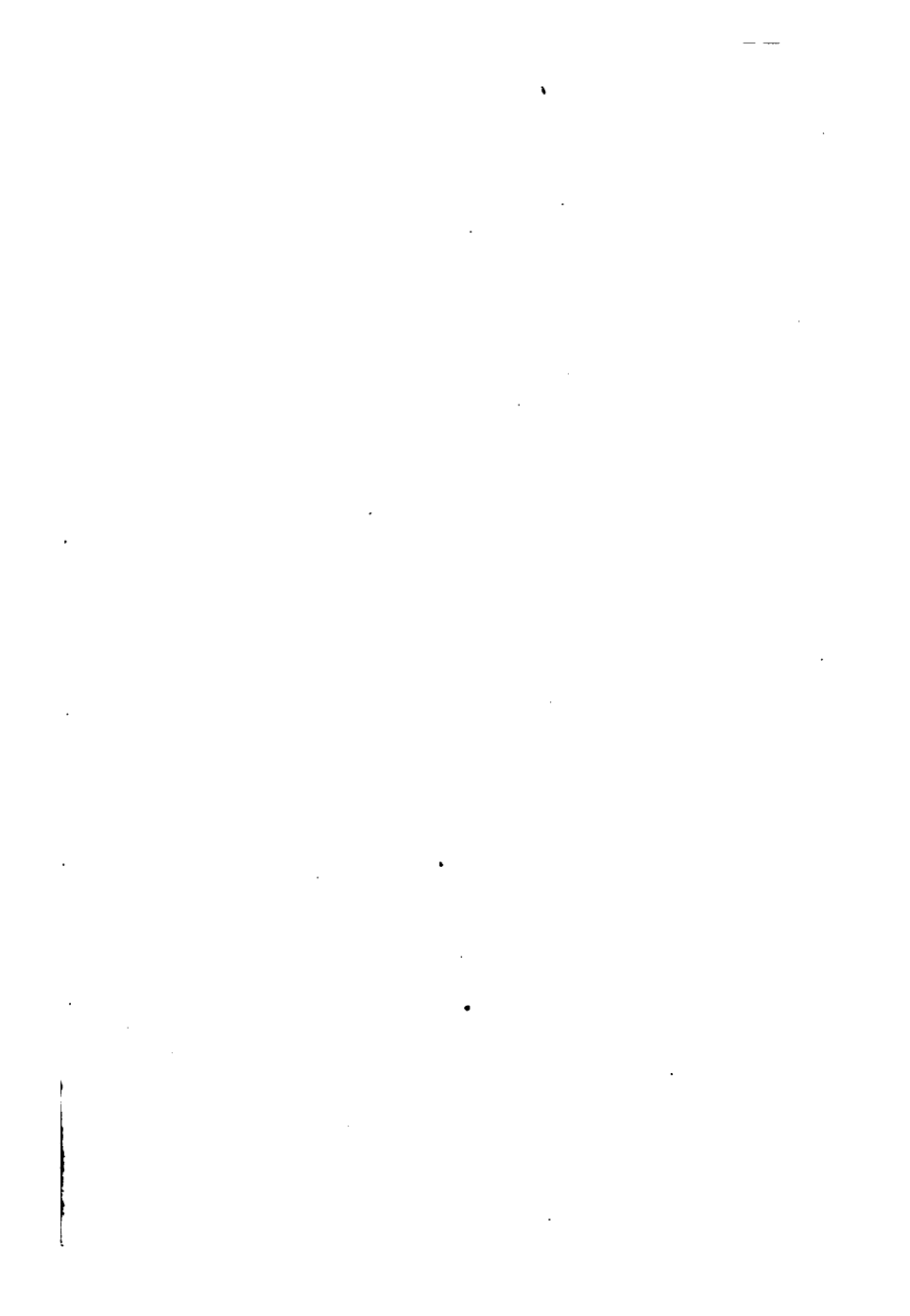
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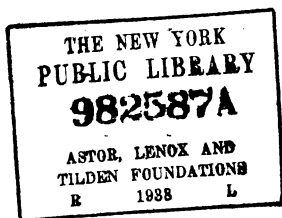
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SARA LOUISA OBERHOLTZER



PHILADELPHIA
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1892

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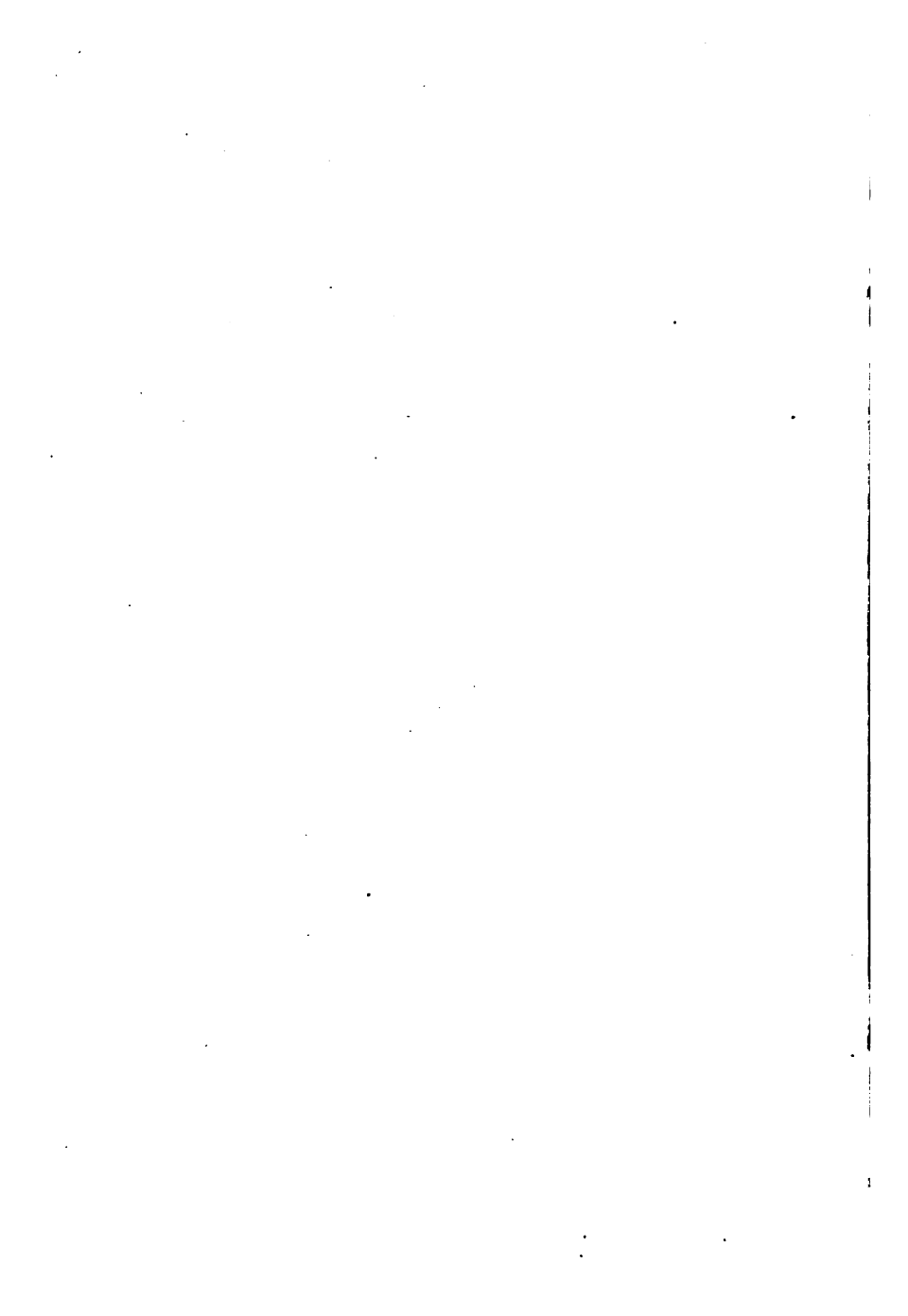
TO MY SONS,
ELLIS PAXSON
AND
VICKERS OBERHOLTZER,

THE JOY-GIVING, LIVING POEMS OF MY HEART AND
LIFE, I TENDER, WITH BLESSINGS, THESE
SOUVENIRS OF PASSING DAYS.

SARA LOUISA (VICKERS) OBERHOLTZER.

WQR 19 FEB '36

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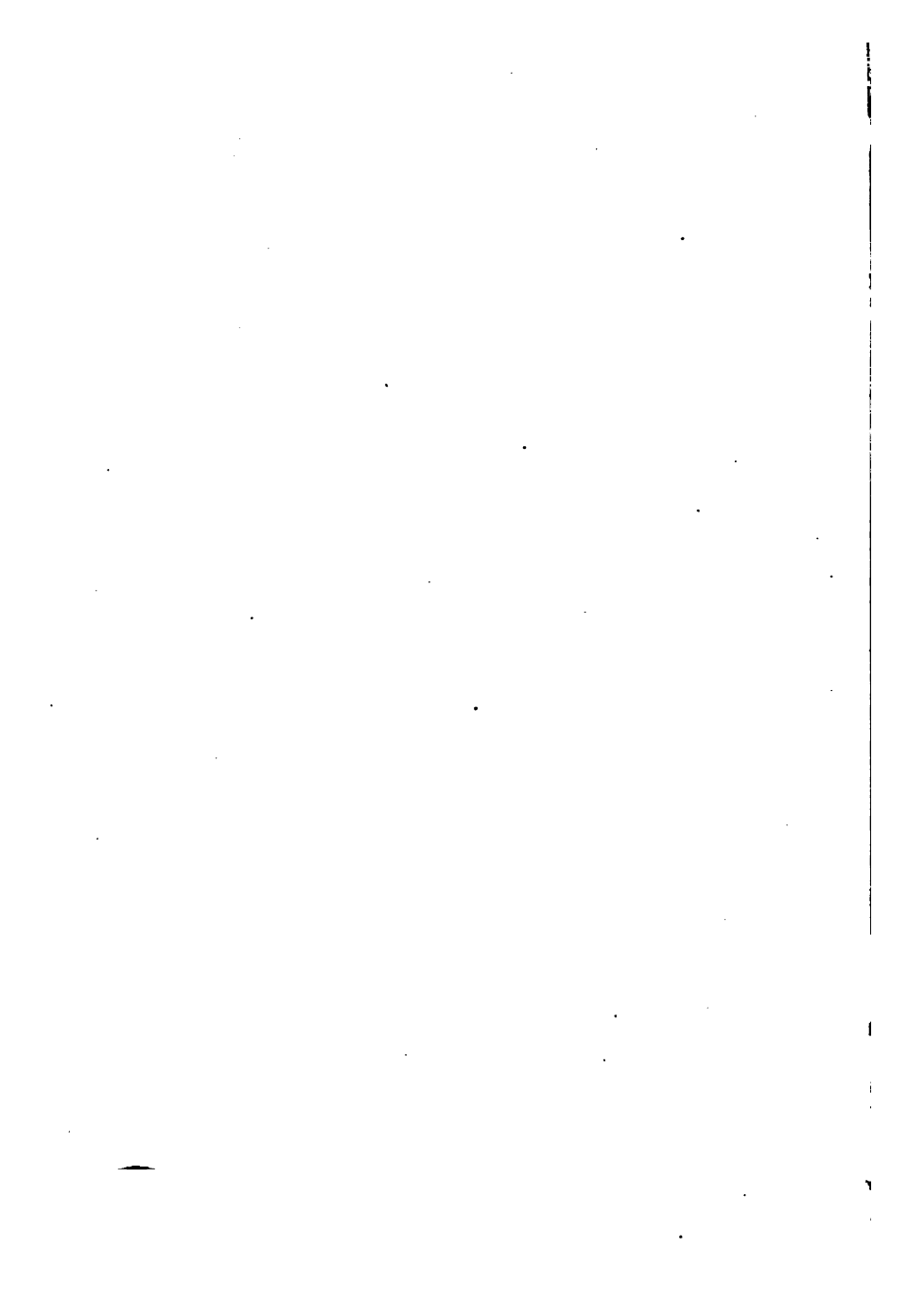
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AS I LISTENED IN JUNE.

'Twas the humblebee, the drummer
On the honeyed strings of summer,
That I heard.

'Twas the maple leaves conversing,
And the lullaby rehearsing
Of a bird.

'Twas the sounds from heaven descending
On the fragrant air, and blending
With accord
In a grand and glorious chorus.
'Twas the rose of song oped for us
By the Lord.

THE POET'S RECOMPENSE.

WHEN friendships shout and fan the pile to blaze ;
When forks of flame reach up, nor know their
height ;

When tenderness stoops down to gently praise,
And what we value most and least to raise
Beyond their equilibrium, we smile.

When censures hurl and blaze is lost to sight
In the chill bitterness of passing night,
And tenderness becomes a rose of thorns,
Petals and fragrance gone, again, the while,
We all unconscious smile ; the same we feel,
Errands of song we joyfully fulfil,
Are but half ours. A rare and subtile sense
Of what they are, the violets of God's will,
Is great and all-sufficient recompense.



AT THE CASTLE PEEL.

The ruins of Castle Peel are on St. Patrick's Isle, off the Isle of Man. The busy fishing-town of Peel is across the narrow channel which divides this islet from the Isle of Man. A smooth, grass-covered mound, ninety feet long, which is said to be the grave of Giant Three-Leg, is near the castle ruins.

The Isle of Man was the home of fairies, giants, and mermaids successively. I have woven into verse but a hint of their legends.

BREAKS in the red-gray walls reveal
Unique views from the Castle Peel.
We in the grass-grown door-way stand :
Views of the sea, the ships, the land ;
Views of the ships and the fisher folk ;
Views of the rocks the giant broke
On Lehergyhoo, miles away,—
Rocks that he tossed from here in play ;
The giant's grave by the castle wall
(Ninety feet in the sunshine's fall) ;
The half-unconscious white-winged gulls
Lazily watching for low-tide lulls

On shelves of rock that guard the sea :
Unfinished picture though this must be,
Fair the isle, in the ruin's shade,
I will gather visions that never fade
From Manxman's sky. Their voices free
Myrtle my ear with legendry.

A fisherman, fresh from a fishing-sloop,
Soiled and odorous, nears our group.
"That is the walled-up passage-way,"
He says, and a dead-ripe story may
Fall from his lips. I smile and ask
The fruit, if it be a willing task.
"Closed up because Ghost Mauther Dhoo
Allowed nobody to go through.
Don't know the ghost? Ah, he was fierce.
A spectre hound. His eyes did pierce,
As fiery arrows sent from hell,
Whoe'er he met. Destruction's spell
Darkened the castle as a pall.
St. Patrick spoke, from castle hall,
Ruler of giants, ghosts, and men :
'Drive out this spectre denizen,
Soldiers-at-arms!' The troops, dismayed,
Drank heavily, then, half afraid,
Sent in a picket, blustering, brave,
Who volunteered to trouble save.
He came out with a demon's cry,
Nor ate, nor drank ; of men was shy.

He screamed his terror out in death,
Shrieking, perforce, his latest breath.
'Close up the passage,' was decreed ;
An order filled with ready speed.
Soldiers and people, night and day,
Walled each end of the passage-way.
Strong the masonry, broad and deep.
That's where the spectre hound's asleep."

Two little Manx, the fisher's, no doubt,
Impatient to hear the story out,
Poise on noses,—a trick they know,—
Hold hats for pennies and turn to go.

"This giant's grave?" "That," laughed the man,
"Giant Three-Leg, last of his clan.
Bothered St. Patrick ; wasted rocks,
Throwing them miles at pasturing flocks.
He had thrown this island half away.
St. Patrick's anger was roused one day :
'Go to the Calf ! There's rocks to spare.
You can in a minute hoof it there,'
He said. 'No longer will I agree
That you impose on the north and me.'
The giant refused, St. Patrick cursed :
The giant fell, an artery burst.
Died of rage ; the curse his bane.
St. Patrick's regrets were all in vain.
Buried, you see, just where he laid.
His patron Patrick used the spade.

Eighty-foot man with a ten-foot face ;
Last of an early three-legged race.
This, the grass-grown mound you see,
The giant's length to his memory."

Fisher and children seek the town ;
Twilight shadows drop softly down.
A voice, on the hush of the wind, repeats
Rhythmic measures, I catch the beats :

" Coral, coral-a, pearl and shell,
Down in the sea the mermaids dwell.
Coral, coral-a, pearl and shell,
This the spire of our citadel.
Coral, coral-a, pearl and shell,
I am the maid who rings the bell.
Coral, coral-a,
Dingle, dingle-a,
Coral-a, ching,
Dingle-a, ding.

" Coral, coral-a, pearl and shell,
Out in the twilight, who can tell,
Coral, coral-a, pearl and shell,
Where in the mountain, plain, or dell,
Coral, coral-a, pearl and shell,
Grows the mermaid's asphodel ?
Coral, coral-a,
Dingle, dingle-a,
Coral-a, ching,
Dingle-a, ding.

“Coral, coral-a, pearl and shell,
Sleep, fair islet, for all is well.
Coral, coral-a, pearl and shell,
Mermaids, rise with the ocean's swell,
Coral, coral-a, pearl and shell,
To brush your hair with the asphodel.
Coral, coral-a,
Dingle, dingle-a,
Coral-a, ching,
Dingle-a, ding.

“Coral, coral-a, pearl and shell,
The world is under the slumber spell.
Coral, coral-a, pearl and shell,
This the call of your sentinel,
Coral, coral-a, pearl and shell,
Rise, with the parting tap of bell.
Coral, coral-a,
Dingle, dingle-a,
Ding, ding,
Ching, ching.”

A siren hush absorbs all sound.
Out in the east a firebrand round
Lights up the sky. Transfixed, I hear
Hundreds of mermaids trailing near ;
Beautiful faces, beautiful hair,
Enough to people the everywhere.
Coral, coral-a, asphodel,
They are here and gone, my senses tell.

Only a wandering few remain.

"The land's unstable" is their refrain :

"One night I met my love,
Here, upon the rocks.
Here, upon the rocks,
I met my love one night.
Met him, met him, met him,
But I did not get him.

"Follow, my love would not,
To the ocean deep.
To the ocean deep,
My love would not follow ;
So I went without him,
Did not care about him.

"Next night, asphodeling,
I the biped spied.
I the biped spied
Asphodeling, next night ;
With contempt I hit him.
Early death just fit him.

"So, although I met him,
Yet I did not get him.
Gladly went without him ;
Did not care about him.
With a pearl I hit him,
And death seemed to fit him."

A lower voice records a lay,
Close to the ocean, and floats away :

“ Trust not dreams that may be golden,
Trust no smile of sky ;
Be not to the land beholden ;
Pass chill Mona by.
Pass her by, nor touch, nor tarry.
Sorrow doth she weave and carry.

“ Only tears are her's, succeeding
Broken sob and sigh ;
Gladness knows no interceding.
Pass chill Mona by.
Pass her by, nor meet the tangles.
Pass her by at distant angles.

“ Coral monument of sorrow,
Troubles mountain high.
Always, lest it's tears to borrow,
Pass chill Mona by.
Pass her by. Her mournful weaving
Haunts me, and I shudder, leaving.”

This the mermaid, floating, fair,
The beautiful one with trailing hair,
Trapped by fisher in Cromwell's reign
And housed three days in cottage plain.
She failed to speak, or eat, we read ;
At last in pity sweet was freed.
Avoiding now, with care, the shore,
Her voice may not reach mortal more.

Another chant comes, wild and free,
Close from the ledge of rocks, to me :

“ Cherilu, cherilu,
Cherilu, lee.

My lover, my lover, he waits for me.
Down in the depths of the amber sea
Waits my lover,
He waits for me.

“ Cherilu, cherilu,
Cherilu, lee.

Pearl and amethyst laugh in glee,
Where, in the depth of the amber sea,
Waits my lover,
He waits for me.

“ Cherilu, cherilu,
Cherilu, lee.

Down where the streets of diamonds be,
Softly singing, Cherilu, lee,
Waits my lover,
He waits for me.”

Down went Cherilu, through the wave,
With light the amber depth to pave.

The other mermaids such silence keep,
I close my eyes and dream they sleep ;
Yet, by a subtiler sense than sound,
I feel their presence still around.

The firebrand wanes to a pale-gold moon ;
The lyres of heaven are all in tune.
At last, from the ocean's lips, there lifts
Words as soft as the wind that drifts :

“ Come to the billows.
Come to your pillows.
Gather, my children,
Gather you home.

“ Come from your roaming
Out in the gloaming.
Gather, my children,
Gather you home.

“ Come, quickly follow.
Dive, as the swallow.
Gather, my children,
Gather you home.

“ Rest from your roaming
Out in the gloaming.
Gather, my children,
Gather you home.

“ Haste to your pillows
Soft, in the billows.
Gather, my children,
Gather you home.”

Mermaids who waited join in the call:

“ Gather home, gather home,” chorus they all.

Perfect enchantment spans the shore
With charm just hinted of before.

“Gather you, gather you,
Gather you home.
Coral-a, ching;
Fair maiden, ring
Gather you, gather you,
Gather you home.”


The beckoning chime of a bell unites
To call the mermaids from their flights.

“Coral-a, ching,
Gather you, gather you.
Dingle-a, ding,
Gather you, gather you.

“Gather you, gather you pearl and shell,
Search no more for the asphodel.
Gather you, gather you pearl and shell,
Home is home where your kindred dwell.

Coral-a, ching,
Gather you, gather you.
Dingle-a, ding,
Gather you, gather you.

“Gather you home,
Coral-a, ching.
Gather you home,
Dingle-a, ding.”



SPEEDING THE PARTING GUEST. 21

"Ding, ding, ding," and a lingering "ching;"
The mermaid's bell has ceased to ring.
A whirring musical sound, a toss
Of floral odor seems to cross
The stretch of green and the ruins gray.
A swift descent; they are all away.

SPEEDING THE PARTING GUEST.

December 31, 1891.

AND so you are going to-night, Old Year,
Out in your sled and four
Into the past; and the present's cheer
Will halo you nevermore.

Kindly and sweet you have been, Old Year.
How I hate to see you go,
Midnight blanket to neck and ear,
Out in the cold, cold snow!

I did not mean to be sad, Old Year,
But to give you a parting kiss;
So close together are smile and tear,
They blossom hit or miss.

But here's to your courage to-night, Old Year!
And a tender grasp of hand;
You won't be lonely I hope, my dear,
Out in the gone-by land.

You leave us many mementos, Year,
The laurels of life and death.
Three hundred and sixty-five days' career
Has made you short of breath.

Good-by, Old Fellow, you good Old Year !
Good-by ! I'll remember, you know.
The voice of the gay New Year I hear,—
How winning it is and low !

Good-by. Be off, I say, Old Year !
The town clock strikes. You're through.
We speed the parting guest, nor fear
To bow before the new.

ON THE LONGPORT RIBBON.

Read at the laying of the corner-stone of the Hall of the Longport Society of Natural Sciences, at Longport, New Jersey, August 17, 1890. This Society was organized by Sara Louisa Oberholtzer, as the Longport Agassiz Microscopical Society, June, 1884, she being its president for four years thereafter.

THE sea looks in and the sky looks down ;
Upon our labors they smile or frown

With stolid sense of their hold secure
On space and compass while worlds endure.

The sea laughs in at the open bay
And flings her arms in a winning way

Around this ribbon of greening land,
Edged with the satin of shining sand,
That we have caught in a passing lease,
And mark to-day with the science crease.

This Longport ribbon, with figures set
By our restless hands, is Nature's yet ;

And she lines her treasures upon it free
From the gold of sky to the pearls of sea.

" Fall sun and shadow," she says, " and air,
Breath of the ocean, with tender care.

" Touch this web with the woof of green,
This Jersey ribbon that floats between

" The past and future. The century's loom
Has turned it out from the weaving-room."

Indulgent Nature ! her loan is free
Of the Longport ribbon to you and me.

We crease and embroider its edge to-day
With the little pattern our talent may,

A laurel wreath, and a memory stone,
As thanks and token for this fair loan ;

As promise of effort to understand
The alphabet of the sea and land.

Chasing each other the moments speed,
And the crested billows pause not to heed

The passing movement of passing things.
The air, a-flutter with waiting wings,

Garlands and tosses her roses red
To freshest cheeks, while we softly thread

The petals of white, which chance to fall,
For our own crowning ; nor dream at all

It is years that silver our thinning hair
While hearts are young and hopes so fair.

Why, Grand Old Ocean, cannot we be
Like you, the same for eternity ?

I have asked so often without reply,
When the waves but whispered or thundered high ;

I have held my ear to the pulsing breast
Of the tireless monarch, a listening guest

For six sweet summers, and wooed in vain
For an answering word. The endless chain

Of the billows clank ; no word beside
Has reached me out of the boundless tide.

And yet, oh yet, on the silver sea
Our dear Lord walked at Galilee.

The lesson of faith so plainly writ
On the water then is part of it.

By a finer sense than sight or sound
The query's answer my soul has found.

Although we are deaf and blind at best,
The lesson of faith to us is blessed.

It frills the ribbon with sparkling waves,
And wraps our murmurs in early graves.

Eternity's work is ours, and we
Are part of time and eternity.

Each stitch we take on earth's brodered gown,
That is chosen well, is handed down

To the coming folk, while we retain
Its counterpart upon soul and brain.

The labor of love is well repaid ;
Faith and God's promises never fade.

We bow to science, we lay this stone ;
We rear this building as Nature's throne

On her fair estate so lately won
From the friendly kingdoms of sea and sun.

Queen of the centuries, weaving on
In the loom of ages from dawn to dawn,

Thou hast turned out nothing of late, I ween,
To equal this ribbon, afloat between
The reaches of water that sway and smile
And kiss and beckon the broadening isle.
We offer the throne, content the place,
If not the fashioning, suits thy grace ;
And we sit at thy feet, dear Nature, here
As birds of wing, with the warmth of year,
Trying to peck from thy volume vast
The news that is thine from first to last.

•

IN MEMORIAM.

Read at the Memorial Service held in honor of Professor James
P. Wickersham, LL.D., at Millersville State Normal School, Mil-
lersville, Pennsylvania, July 1, 1891.

To vanished days
And friends whose ways
Were fair as morning, beckon we,
Those early Normals, glad and free.
The future's hem
Sparkled with diamond dust for them.

When hearts dance glees
And symphonies,
Weather and care are far away ;
A year is only a short, sweet day.
Glad youth, the king,
Hears no past phantoms answering.

Glad youth! ah, well,
We may not tell
The settled rate of his crown to-night ;
Or if the jewels of fate are quite
A fair exchange
For faith untried. Life has its range.

We laugh and cry,
Grow strong and die.
This is man at his best estate ;
This the will of the Great Prelate.
On line, in turn,
Come the blessings we court and earn.

Follow the griefs,
Their faint reliefs,
Until we call for vanished days,
So sweet, so fair with careless ways,
So near, so far,—
Come, early days, where'er you are !

Lo, they appear !
The dim grows clear,
The mists uplift, the lost is found ;
Old friends and scenes are close around ;
At school again
We have the lights and joys of then.

These Normal halls
Are long, there falls
A hush solicitous, a glee
Of rousing powers on you and me.
This chapel new
Becomes the earlier to our view,

And faces gone
We look upon ;
From student's stand-point call the roll
Of leaders, fellows, note the whole
As drill for thought ;
Absorbing more than we are taught.

One face we scan
Closely, the man
Whose will is law, whose smile is rest,
Whose frown is an unwelcome guest ;
The leader kind
Of force and conscience, heart and mind.

Sedate of mien,
Smiles lodged between
Firmness and pity. Quick to show
Pulsations of a joy or woe.
Transparent, true,
Noble of purpose through and through.

Of Quaker kin,
With zeal to win
A record worthy of the line
Which Chester County's laurels twine.
Daily he reads
A Scripture portion for our needs,

And from his eye
Our morning sky
Takes light or color, fair or dim,
For the time being, is through him.
Our ways divide,
We individualize and glide

From Normal trust,
For each life must
Seek blossoming scope, and count its power
Of promise to perfect a flower.
On higher ground
Our leader, honor, duty found.

Records of state
With pride relate
His educational service there,
And ages testament will bear
Of wreath and palm,
To green the name of Wickersham.

The nation spoke,
His answer broke
Along the Danish shore with free
Resound, and his brief ministry
Gave no regret
Save that its sun so early set.

Friendships were wide,
And side by side
With public honors walked apace
Until the smile stilled on his face,
And far across
The bridge of time we note our loss.

Thought knows her own
Full granaries, grown
And cared for through a century's half.
She guards them well. Gay youth may laugh
And flaunt his spring ;
The rounded seasons treasures bring

Beyond him quite.
Memory's delight
Cannot be bartered at a breath.
Although our friends consort with death,
We see and hear
What was and is, so far, so near.

We give to fame
Our leader's name,
And follow on the rainbow strand
Whither he passed. The promised land,
Baptized in light,
Has all its gates ajar to-night.

THE LIFTING OF THE MIST.

Written off the Banks of Newfoundland, September 1, 1888, and
read at an entertainment given on board the "Westernland."

LOUD the fog-horn shrieked and blew
Warning blasts the long night through ;
Even daylight, born anew,

Sat o'ershadowed by the mist
That stood plighting endless tryst
With the ocean that it kissed.

Ours, the good ship's covered space
As it sailed with steady grace
Through a film of dark-gray lace.

Ours, the meshes thick amassed ;
Ours, the darkness we have passed ;
Ours, a faith that gathered fast

With the steamer's steady sway.
Not a moment of delay
Brooks she to, but spray on spray

On the misty lace she throws,
Till the darkness lifts and goes,
And the gold of morning glows

On the water's vast expanse.
Sunshine with a glittering lance
Cuts the meshes. On we dance,

And the wreaths of spray set free
Blossom full and merrily
On the violet of the sea.

Hushed the fog-horn's dismal sound ;
Stilled the fears that circled round.
Blindness full relief has found

In the flood of perfect light
That restores our mortal sight,
Far beyond the lines of light

To the glad horizon's rim ;
And the ocean's cup-like brim
Seems an offering tendered Him

Who owneth, knoweth, watcheth all,
E'en to the humblest sparrow's fall,
And heedeth when His feeblest call.

Clad in steel and fully manned,
Onward goes the "Westernland."
Hundreds on her broad decks stand.

All around us, on the sea,
Are the white sails fluttering free
Of a goodly company,

Fishing-craft, of divers speed,
Size, and compass, which indeed
To our presence pay slight heed.

Boats as tiny scallop-shells
Rise and fall amid the swells,
Charming cod by lines and spells.

Little emissaries they
Of the fishing-smacks that lay
Far and near about our way.

Hemmed by dark and mist around,
We had gained the fishing-ground,
If such point on sea is found.

The Great Bank of Newfoundland
Now is by our vision spanned,
And the view at our command

Wakes our wonder, wakes our care,
Wakes our questioning thought of where
These light craft of sea and air

Might have been if our great boat
With a blindfold touch had smote
Them unconsciously afloat.

Fortune-favored anglers, they
Draw the codfish in and sway
Back and forward day by day,

Heeding not the dangers past.
Happy people ! may they cast
Lines afar from fog-horn's blast,

And some miracle uplift
Mists, when they to dangers drift ;
Light, as faith, upon them sift.

With us may their trust abide,
As we stem life's busy tide.
Faith is worth the world beside.

GENERAL CLINTON B. FISK.

Read at the Memorial Service in the Auditorium, Ocean Grove,
New Jersey, July 11, 1890.

ANOTHER worker has laid down
The olive-branch and sword,
To take commission farther on,
By order of the Lord.

The glorious leader, Christian man,
Has gone beyond our ear.
We listen vainly for that voice
Of faith and courage clear.

His was no idle life of ease,
No folding of the hands.
He lived, a general, to pass on
The reigning Christ's commands.

A doer of the word and will ;
Time, means, and talents free
He gave for years, with open palms,
To stay earth's misery.

His efforts were not born to die,
His courage to take wing ;
They are immortal, and fair bloom
From year to year will bring.

Though he has gone, his army stands
Face front, and marches on
Against the enemy of homes
Towards victorious dawn.

Our thoughts, as grateful memory flowers,
Upon love's altar rest ;
Tear-bathed, and yet we know
" Whatever is is best."

ANTIETAM BRIDGE.

Read for the Fifty-first Regiment, Pennsylvania Volunteers,
at the dedication of their monument at Antietam Bridge, Maryland,
October 8, 1887.

"THE bridge! the bridge!" McClellan cried.
"The bridge!" said Burnside, "though denied
To other men who charged it thrice,
Shall now be ours, by my advice.

"Take to Ferrero's Iron Brigade
This order," and his words he weighed,
"The Fifty-first is bound to win;
Make them the victors; bless their kin!"

Ferrero, the despatch in hand,
Sprang to his saddle with command,
"Attention, Second Brigade!" he called.
The men were silent, unappalled.

"'Tis Burnside's wish you take the bridge."
The soldiers saw upon the ridge
The enemy in desperate force,
With all advantage, all resource,

Look down upon the narrow pass;
Their comrades in the gap amass;
The dead, the dying left and right,
Their own flag-staff of colors bright.

They heard the colonel, breathless, ask,
 "Men, will you undertake the task?"
 A moment's thought. Brave hearts were there,
 And, through the battle-clouded air,

A thousand voices spoke as one,
 The answer "Yes." And what was done
 We know, you know who suffered here,
 Men to your country's records dear;

Remnant of those who fought and fell,
 Who stormed the bridge and held it well.
 Oh, it was fearful! Carnage dire
 Fell with the rain of rebel fire.

But on you went, through cover slight
 Of Roemer's guns, to footway fight
 Across the bridge, and win the day
 For boys in blue against the gray;

For Union, liberty, and right,
 For peace in which we all unite,
 For millions bound in iron chains,
 For God's own purpose, spurning pains

That every moment broke your ranks
 With volleys fierce as Satan's thanks.
 Though you had freedom's vantage-ground,
 A blood-wet pathway there you found.

Over the dying and the dead
You marched determinedly ahead.
You reached and stormed Antietam Bridge ;
You took and held Antietam Bridge,—

The Pennsylvania Volunteers ;
The Fifty-first. Ah ! scalding tears
Were shed for those whose lives that day
Were given for victory away,

While tender, watchful, pleading prayer,
Coupled with unremitting care,
Nursed back some loved ones, wounded sore,
To later comfort. We deplore

The heavy cost for glory paid.
The stains of blood are slow to fade,
And, with a century one-fourth sped,
We hourly mourn our noble dead.

Soldiers, who keep with breath-beats warm
The leaden souvenirs of that storm,
Who carry scars indelible,
To those who stood and those who fell

Be equal honor ! For no space
Of buried years such scenes efface.
Here, on this bridge across the stream,
You see again the tempest gleam ;

And these calm hills, with sunshine flecked,
To you are dark with retrospect.
We see the landscape autumn clad,
A silver creek that seems half glad

To pass the shadow where we stand
And ripple on through Maryland ;
Arches of stone well set with time,
Low parapets, around which climb

Some stray and dusty wilding vines ;
The simple fields and bound'ry lines ;
The turf unbroken, sod and trees
Bannered with nature's mysteries.

A tranquil prospect, unconcerned
By what we of its past have learned.
Æolian on the autumn air,
We hear of common sounds our share,—

The hum of labor, twit of birds,
The peaceful interchange of words ;
The foot-fall of a passing steed,
Vibrations that we scarcely heed.

You hear again the battle din
And Hartranft's "Charge !" to fight and win ;
The boom of cannon, burst of shell,
Tumult the years cannot dispel ;

And later, sadder sound than all,
The cry of comrades as they fall.
You see, what our eyes never may,
The scene you thought had passed away.

The smoke of battle seems to rise
Again beneath these arching skies.
The storm repasses, fearful, dire ;
You feel again the deadly fire,

And with fixed bayonets advance
To take of victory the chance ;
To take the bridge. But peace is here ;
Days of North and South are clear.

A reunited nation, free,
Compacts anew with liberty ;
The tattered colors softly touch.
If e'er you loved them overmuch,

You still loved right and justice more.
Wave, triple flag, from shore to shore !
No North, no South, no East, no West ;
We are as one by God's behest.

The land, once red with judgments just,
Blooms as a rose of perfect trust.
Forgiveness opens blossoms wide,
Forgetfulness will root beside ;

And we, a nation tried in fire,
Will reach a level broader, higher.
Longer than bridge or shaft can stand
May ours be freedom's favorite land.

Men are the implements of fate
With which the All-Wise, soon or late,
Works out whatever is to be.
Blessed are those whom destiny

Allows to count their service done,
Their bridges taken, victories won.
'Twas yours to act. Our slight refrain
Is nothing for your meed of pain ;

Although we as a nation lay
Our thanks about your feet to-day.
God bless you with the best of cheer,
And may your last bridge-way be clear !

In the great Battle-King's review
May you be near Him, loyal, true ;
The Fifty-first at His right hand,
Faithful unto His least command ;

The soldiers of His august will,
Where marshalled hosts no longer drill ;
Where heaven and light and peace are one,
Your best commission His " Well done ! "

THE BROOKS RECEPTION POEM.

Read at the Reception and Congratulatory Tea given by the
Millersville Normal girls to Dr. Edward Brooks, in St. George's
Hall, Philadelphia, September 26, 1891.

SILENTLY the sweet September
Counts her heart-beats as they go ;
And the afternoon shades linger,
Blushing to the sunset low.

Other years of sweet Septembers,
Other days of sunset glow
Lift their faces from the embers
And a halo o'er us throw.

Care takes wings and crows-feet vanish ;
We are young again and fair,
Draughts of Normal lore imbibing
With the olden debonair ;

Young again, and mirth runs over,
Bubbling from the goblet there.
Friends, as golden-rod in gladness,
Blossom from the everywhere.

As the aftermath of glory
Comes this halo of the day ;
All the tangles of the morning
Were unravelled by the way,

And we girls, though girls no longer,
Still are girls, if words may play;
Girls to you, I'm sure, Professor,
Golden-rod or silver-gray.

Out from homes sweet as September,
Out from battle-fields half won,
Out from struggles that encumber
Or successes scarce begun,

We have come, your girls, to greet you.
Knowing what the past has done,
We congratulate the city,
Bless and greet you, all in one.

We remember well your precepts,
And, with Normal rule in mind,
Came to-day without the boys, sir.
If perchance we were inclined

Once to smile or speak in hallway
To the fellows who were kind,
We've repented, and consented
Now to leave the boys behind.

Yes, we meet them in life's classes
Daily yet, for school-days last,
And the depths we stoop to fathom
They poise o'er with soundings cast.

But with serious, separate notions,
Wisdom pickled and amassed,
They're not singing, 'neath our windows,
All the ditties of the past ;

They're not listening at the crossings,
Till we dance into the street ;
But the Normal boys, Professor,
Always have enough to eat.

Pickled or preserved their wisdom,
Algebraic and complete,
Brings the answer ; and their mental
Ever to the key is mete.

We have strung the sweet Septembers,
Amber beads, our memories round.
Being girls, we blush to count the
Jewel stones, though perfect found.

If we dared, ten, twenty, thirty,
They would cringe and kiss the ground ;
For we're young, though beads of amber
Are about our memories bound.

Young but strong. The bud, the blossom,
Then the fruit of effort tints,
Till the hazy days departed
Seem but tiny rainbow hints

Of a great and pulsing present.
Now, in photographic glints,
Comes a fairer, fuller future,
Ripening for us perfect prints.

Love and honor ; this, Professor,
Is our tribute free and true ;
These the flowers, perpetual bloomers,
In our garden-plot for you ;

These the year-round sweet Septembers.
May they send their fragrance through
All your days. The girls are with you
In the best you reach and do.

The reception was tendered Dr. Brooks by a committee of women, in honor of his election to the superintendency of the Philadelphia Public Schools. Attendance, one hundred and twenty "Normal Girls," his pupils of from ten to thirty years before.

VALLEY FORGE ANNIVERSARY.

Read at an anniversary on the old historic ground, June 18,
1887.

JUNE roses toss their fragrance out,
And fling their velvet leaves about
A people who have not forgot
The days when liberty was not.

The grass is greener here than when
It struggled up to tell the men
That winter's bitter days were done,
And victories ripened with the sun.

The soldiers, who at Valley Forge
Found refuge on this hill and gorge,
Have long since laid their armor by
And gone beyond the battle-cry.

Our memories, filled at history's spring,
Can feel the past days' blossoming ;
Can see the forces' worn retreat
After the Germantown defeat ;

And at White Marsh take needed rest
Upon the broad earth's passive breast.
'Twas Wissahickon, Sandy Run,
Sang lullabies of shelter won.

'Twas Lydia Darrah watched and prayed,
And news of danger swift conveyed.
She stilly to a key-hole crept
And listened, while her family slept,

To General Howe, whose conclave sat
In her own home. 'Twas after that
The general at her chamber door
Rapped loudly full three times or more,

To waken Lydia, that she close
And bar the house for late repose ;

Then in head-quarters quite content
The generals rested, while she spent

The silent night in plans to reach
The White Marsh outposts, and by speech
To warn them of the order heard
That all the British troops deferred

But till a second night should fall
To march, surprise, and take them all.
Friend Lydia the next morning said,
"Fresh flour I need to make my bread ;

"From Frankford I myself will bring
Such as we used and liked last spring."
Howe passed the housewife through the lines,
Musing "To prudence she inclines."

And yet he never dreamed how she
Baffled expected victory.
'Twas Craig, of light horse cavalry,
She met and pledged to secrecy.

Thus Washington, the tables turned,
Welcomed the foe quite unconcerned,
Forewarned, forearmed by woman's skill,
And saved at White Marsh by her will.

The cold winds blew, as winter's guest
The valiant army needs must rest.
To Valley Forge o'er frozen ground
The worn men marched and refuge found.

Ill clad, ill fed, the march was sore ;
Their naked feet left prints of gore
From White Marsh up to Valley Forge.
Ah ! hallowed is this hill and gorge.

These soldiers built their city here ;
In its intrenchments half a year
They suffered, waited, and such gloom
As in our glad hearts scarce finds room

Fell over them. Their needs were dire,
From lack of clothing, food, and fire ;
But they were our ancestors, men
The world is proud of now as then.

They threw a bridge the Schuylkill o'er ;
They bodily bore wood and store
Into the camp, and murmured not
That Congress half their needs forgot.

The Revolution's darkest days
Were here. We, in memoriam, raise
A chorus of our words and notes.
The busy world sometimes devotes

An hour to its best epochs, friends,
And through the circling ages sends
A peal of thanks for joys that be ;
The pæan of a people free.

The military camp is gone,
And those who built their huts upon

This chosen ground, in lined array,
Are far beyond defence or fray.

The ancient redoubts, rough and strong,
Intrenchments, that kept guard along
The patriots' border half a year,
Have left us only landmarks here.

The tireless river and the run
Still meet, as then, in shade and sun.
The house where Washington abode
Is still upon the river road,

Well-kept memento of the past,
Dear to our hearts and anchored fast
To a great nation's richest store
Of memories and battle-lore.

Hunger and cold, privations sore,
Beset the camp, and doubts hung o'er
Those men as clouds ; discouragements
Hourly beside them pitched their tents.

The way was dark ; but as a guest,
Aglow within each loyal breast,
The sun of liberty was bright ;
Its beautiful, unfailing light

Inspired and kept them from despair ;
They knew their cause was in God's care,
And could not, would not be dismayed.
Beneath these trees their leader prayed.

"O Lord, be merciful !" he cried,
"Thy children have been sorely tried,
Yet of Thy justice they are sure ;
Grant us fresh courage to endure !

"And give us wisdom day by day
To walk as Thou may'st point the way."
The ground is hallowed, lightly tread ;
'Twas Washington who bowed his head.

'Twas God who heard the trustful cry,
And answered from His throne on high
With pitying smile and cheering word,
With love divine on hopes deferred.

The summer came and June was fair :
The troops, encouraged everywhere,
Marched on to victory. France was kind,
And Lafayette but spoke her mind

When he became our country's friend
And helped us to the glorious end.
Ages and ages yet to be
Will untold millions, there made free

By faithful heroes in the ranks,
Remember Valley Forge with thanks.
This camping-ground of liberty,
A nation's Mecca I foresee.

The Lord as near is now as when
He blessed, through Washington, those men ;

His richest favor we would ask,
The while we in the sunshine bask.

'Tis simply that we worthy prove
Of our ancestry and His love ;
A people grateful, true, sincere,
Growing more gladsome every year,

Yet, thoughtful ever, pure and just,
Prizing the blood-bought freedom trust ;
Doing our best each day to win
A victory over self and sin.

THE SPANGLED FLAGS.

Read in Music Hall, Norristown, Pennsylvania, at the flag
presentation of the Patriotic Order Sons of America to the Nor-
ristown Public Schools, April 17, 1889.

THESE flags, so beautiful and new,
Are fresh as flowers kissed by dew.

Their colors are our nation's pride,
Dearer to her than all beside.

They symbolize her liberty,
The trials, too, that made us free.

This flag, at Cambridge first unfurled,
Has now the honor of the world.

Since, as a New Year's banner then,
In 1776 the men

Flung bars and stripes into the air,
Bright stars have waked up everywhere.

In '77, the bars down thrown,
The stars looked out to claim their own.

The numbers deepen with advance,
The diamond eyes of progress dance ;

It is as though a patch of blue,
Grown fairer, clearer, let light through,

Until a galaxy complete
Perfects at last where star-points meet.

For who can tell what numbers yet
Upon our freedom flag may set ?

The war for independence fought
With struggle long and dire was fraught.

From Bunker Hill along the line,
From Valley Forge and Brandywine

We hear the echo, know the price
Of our ancestors' sacrifice.

We know the stars came at their call ;
To them and God we owe it all,—

This country and this flag that waves
Throughout our land, above their graves.

If spirits of the past return,
Well satisfied are they to learn

The flag is spangled more to-day
Than when they paused and passed away.

Their thirteen stripes to us are dear,
We bless and count them every year.

Through several raids of border strife
And fratricide that threatened life

We bore this banner of success,
Ensign of strength, of happiness.

We cast off shackles, settled lands,
Connected seas by railroad bands,

Unbound the captives of the ground
And in earth's bosom jewels found

Our needs supplied, the recompense
Nature affords to confidence.

The laborer's hand, mechanic's skill,
The intellect, the well-trained will

Of men, if properly combined,
Produce perfection God designed.

The Union our flag protects,
The Union the world respects,

Is ours by blood's most sacred ties,
Is ours by all that word implies ;

Is ours to guard, to guide, to wake
To stronger being for truth's sake.

The past has blessed us ; rich and free
Has been her gift of liberty.

The present blossoms bright and fair,
The petals tinge the soft spring air

With future promises, that play
About our nation's heart to-day.

We control destiny, master fate,
With right and wrong deliberate.

We the custodians, keepers are
Of every Union stripe and star.

The States that make the aggregate
Are ours, through God, to regulate.

And yet we fully understand
Our passing trust is brief with land ;

That to the men who are to be
We must consign it presently.

'Tis meet this precious flag should rest
In every school-room at request

Of these, America's true sons,
These patriots, through whose warm veins runs

A love of country unexcelled.
They tender what they have upheld

With hearts and hands clasped firm and true,
These flags, dear children, unto you.

Read daily in their color folds
The lesson life for patriots holds ;

The thirty-eight plus four count o'er ;
We never had such light before.

Our country's hopes and gains compute ;
Be loyal, brave, and resolute.

God bless you in the gift received !
Through you be greater height achieved,

Till star on star, with glad increase,
Fills the whole firmament of peace.

GOLDEN-WEDDING LINES.

Sent to J. H. and J. E. Stewart, in California, on their Golden-Wedding Anniversary.

BEYOND the mountain, dell, and plain
My vision reaches, and again
The friends of one centennial year
Are hand in hand, on canvas clear.

To them, the husband and the wife,
There were no stiff, hard lines in life.
The flowing curves of love secure
Made blossom-time forever sure.

The harvest was no summer guest ;
The fruitage of each day was blest.
The fragrance of their presence yet
To us is rose and mignonette.

Though visits and centennials pass
As morning dew, and we, alas !
Are transient too and on the wing,
Some memories sweet that touch us cling

Through change and season, immortelles
Of human life, its fragrance bells.
And thus, although divided far
By landed belt from us, you are

A time-lit presence ; and the gold
The slender-fingered years unfold

For you by the Pacific's edge
Glitters on our Atlantic ledge.

Its sparkles I in garlands weave,
And fling you this, by friendship's leave.
God bless the days that are to be !
May each one open perfectly.

When leaves must wither, may they fall
So soft you miss them not at all ;
The unused mantle cast aside
When you are heaven's groom and bride.

The gold, the diamond, and far more
Be yours, from out the Father's store.
Soul riches, infinite and free,
Metes out its own eternity.

THE SONS OF THE RIVER ST. JOHN.

WE sailed, we sailed on the river,
The day as a picture was fair ;
Before was the sun, the light-giver ;
Behind were all echoes of care.

We sailed as the eider, no morrow,
No yesterdays stored in the hold ;
Enough that the river was peaceful
And fringed with the green of the wold.

Enough ; but the Micmacs have stories
That border the river St. John.
At Kennebecasis the cedars
Still burden the ground they are on.

A freak of old Glooscup, the mighty,
They tell who have legends in mind ;
Malsunsis he slew with a fern-root.
Then came there three brothers to find

“Great strength, long life, and much stature.”
These asked they of Glooscup, the king.
“You want force,” he said, “to help mankind ;
To give wrong and sorrow the wing ?”

The brothers they answered, “We do not.
What care we for others, forsooth ?”
“I offer,” and Glooscup spoke slowly,
“You wisdom, rare genius, and truth.”

They hearkened not, loudly protesting.
Then Glooscup in anger found vent :
“Stature and length of days !” roared he ;
“Begone, then !” And lo ! as they went,

Their feet sank down and were rooted,
While their heads shot up and they grew,
Grew, grew to three cedars majestic
That never have tasted the dew.

The islands, the bays, and the inlets ;
The dreamy delight of the way.
At noontime the half-distance landing,
And we just an hour to stay.

Descending the steep from the steamer,
Where, close to the river St. John,
A float swinging, dipping, is waiting,
We pass, and the steamer is gone.

“Stand closer ! We carry full twenty.”
We dip, but we balance the square.
The oarsmen are four, at the corners,
Youth comely, alike, and so fair

That Danger, her reckoning forgetting,
Laughs out as we anchor to shore.
We toss off the sparkle of water,
And half wish the distance was more.

We walk and we sit by the river ;
The sward is like down at our feet.
Our oarsmen, they tell us, are brothers,
But part of a family complete.

Twelve brothers, twelve brothers, twelve brothers ;
Twelve sons of the river St. John,
Who dwell, with their parents, beside it
And honor the land they are on.

No longer at Kennebecasis,
With Glooscup and cedar-trees tall,
My thoughts, as wild roses, will clamber ;
These sons of St. John have them all.

A BURIAL HYMN.

Sang at the funeral of Ezra Evans, in Lionville, Pennsylvania,
December 24, 1886.

JUST before the dawn of Christmas,
When our souls should fill with glee,
Lord, oppressed by sorrow's burden,
Bring we heavy hearts to Thee.

We have lost a son most faithful,
We have lost a brother dear ;
Lost a friend whose life and purpose
Were most truthful and sincere.

We have lost, and yet the memory
Of his conscientious ways
Lingers, hallowing our sorrow
For all coming Christmas-days.

Though his life is early finished,
It was filled with work well wrought
In his chosen line of duty,
And rare steadfastness of thought.

We are sure that unaccomplished
Was no errand he had known.
Lord be with us, soothe and bless us,
While we yield to Thee Thy own.

ANNIE.

ANNIE, my niece, sat down by the sea :
A beautiful foreground picture she.
The sand was as white as sand could be ;
The wind and waves coquetted free.

My niece was pure as the white, white sand.
The billows reached out to kiss her hand,
Then, blushing, they seemed to understand
Not unto the sea, but to the land

Belonged this nice little niece of mine ;
And, doffing their caps of summer rime,
They said, " Sweet maid, we had no design
Except to say that the day was fine."

My nice little niece beside the sea
Looked coyly up from the waves to me :
" I wonder mermaids' lovers should be
So close to the shore, dear aunt," said she.

SOUVENIRS OF OCCASIONS.

POLYSOPHONIA ELONGATA.

ONLY fairy folk may guess
Where I found the soft brown tress :
How it rode the lapsing tide,
Whence it came, and all beside.

Elves, upon the shining bay,
Let the secret out to-day,
How the king of waters deep
Went one summer day to sleep

On a coral couch, while pearls
Were a pillow for his curls.
Mermaids, in caressing jest,
Combed the soft locks o'er his breast ;

Golden brown and straight, with care,
Lay awaiting ringlet there ;
Till the king, in ire, awoke,
Gazed impatient at the joke,

Plucked his locks and fiercely cried,
" Vanish, mermaids, from my side !
Better far be bald," he said.
" Let ye separate, hair and head."

But since the hair floats round.
Thither locks are found ;
Strand, or in the sea,
Combed most perfectly.

YESTER-MORN ON MOUNT RIGI.

BUT yesterday I stood on Rigi's height
And caught the first blush of the eastern sky.
A pageantry akin to heaven passed by
Which filled my soul o'erbrimming with delight.
The moon rose from the bosom of the night,
An aureole of mist about her hair.
As her bright violet eyes unclosed, she shook
Her unbound tresses. Golden sparks lodged on
Each Alpine height, and blazed in lustrous balls ;
The smooth green mountain-sides, by valleys broke,
Laughed out in amber lakes and water-falls ;
The great old peaks, in slumber-caps of white,
Flushed scarlet, while the clouds, as great gray
shawls,
Disused, discarded, fell beneath us quite.

AN UNSATISFACTORY PHOTOGRAPH.

ALL night, in dreams, I saw my own dead face.
The silent shadows on my fancy preyed,
And I, who dread not transit, seemed afraid.
Life's colors dimmed as though a veil of lace
Fell over them, and superstition's race
With phantasies complaisant rest dismayed.
The daylight, chary of her smiles, delayed
With winter solstice, marking narrowest space.

At last the sun, with gold and daffodil,
Frames in my eastern window views divine.
How beautiful ! I will forget the still,
Grim photograph the artist held as mine
Last eve, and ask God's glory thus to fill
My foolish discontent with His design.

THE FLAGS OF FRANCE.

In Paris.

OH, the flags of France wave high,
The flags of France wave free ;
The boulevards so broad and wide
Are shaded perfectly.
The Arc de Triomphe spans the way,
The streets laugh out in glee,
While white-robed buildings, wreathed in green,
Are fair as brides to see.

The flags of France o'er memories float,
Many and grave are they.
The flags stoop over palace walls,
Caressing them in play.
A wealth of beauty and art has France ;
Her years seem as a day.
She lays aside whatever is past,
And wears the blithe and gay.

The flags of France forget, perhaps,
The battles they've fought and won,
While glittering monuments Paris holds
Glisten and mock the sun.
France is fair with her graceful flags,
She never can be outdone ;
We greet her flag, but the stars and stripes
Forever, the many in one !

THE CONFLUENCE OF THE ARVE AND
RHONE.

Written in Geneva, Switzerland.

THE Arve from Mont Blanc carries
The wear and waste of snow
With leap and dash and gallop,
And then, with placid flow,
It reaches from the mountains
Into the vale below.

Untamed and angry water,
All turbulent with haste,
It passes green and vineyard,
Quaint chalets interlaced
With latticed porches, stairways,
And peasants blooming-faced.

Through rocky chasm or woodland,
Through fair or sloping land,
It runs to greet its kindred
As nature doth command.
The Rhone, with Alpine wisdom,
Its needs may understand.

Clear as the air the Rhone flows,
Blued by the tint of sky ;
If cloud or frown e'er touched it,
The lake, with lullaby,
Hushed them to oblivion—
The dashing Arve is nigh.

The rivers touch and mingle,
Or touch and mingle not,
At first is our impression ;
For on the confluence spot
The channel simply broadens :
Each has its own allot.

The Rhone along the left bank,
The Arve upon the right,
Flow on as cloud and crystal,
And wed without delight,
Until dividing colors
They gradually unite.

Then, each lost in the other,
The rivers glide as one.

Contentment wakes and blesses
The marriage ill begun ;
The Rhone and Arve together
Dance lightly in the sun.

IN WARWICK COURT.

BESIDE the placid Avon's flow,
Where Ethelfleda long ago
Spurred her great war-horse to and fro
To watch her gray-stone donjon grow,
We walk.

Of castle strong with age and care,
The son of Anak's treasure there,
Guy's porridge-pot and armor bare,
Of master paintings charming, rare,
We talk.

Around the velvet sward we pace
Of the court at the castle's face ;
Upon our narrow canvas space
The splendid picture Warwick trace
For time.

Yes, it is there in gold and light,
Cedars of Lebanon to the right,

Queen Anne's bedroom near them quite.
Outside, inside, perfect, bright,
Sublime.

From Guy's and Cæsar's towers of brown
That guard the keep, and towards the town
We turn to find the arch leads down
To garden gay in floral gown,
But lo!

Beside us royal peafowls trail
Their gaudy, glossy coats of mail,
And mild eyes lift which dimly veil
The mute appeal, Although words fail,
I know

Their winning, semi-timorous way
Of asking food, and so I say,
"Birdilla, come!" They brush away
A dozen years this summer day
From me.

A slight bill in my hand is pressed,
My heart responds with love unguessed;
A petted fowl, long since at rest,
Seems present. I am richly blessed,
And see

Bird, country, home, and friends in this,
That panorama past of bliss,

With undimmed vision. I could kiss
The Warwick peafowl and not miss
One day.

The beckoning garden I forget,
The antique vase within it set ;
My brain an unschooled heart has yet :
Love wears itself the coronet
For aye.

A GLIMPSE OF FAIRIES.

On the Isle of Man.

LONELY is Manhanan's Isle.
Fairies once, in sweet beguile,
Here were wont, with merry smile,
To illuminate the shore.
They, with face and presence fair,
Tiny ivory feet, full bare,
And a halo gold of hair
That went scintillating o'er
Graceful shoulders, necks of snow,
Somehow, somewhere, seemed to go.

Centuries the fairies held
Undisputed right and eld
To this land, whence they dispelled
Or drew down the veil of mist.

Unapproachable and weird
As their elfin life appeared,
Touch of humankind they feared.

Lovely realm, enchantment kissed,
Help the present now to be
Buried fathoms deep in sea !

Let the fairy time of old
Blossom from the early mould,
Where its footprints scarce are cold.

Years and wrappings loose their hold.
Fairies, upon wings of light,
Render luminous the night,
And bewilder now my sight.

Ages past have backward rolled.
All the space, the air, the trees
Are alive with symphonies.

Motions, with bewitching grace,
Rainbow lines of color trace ;
And a charming form and face

Laughs out at me everywhere,
Till the very breath I take
Is with fairy life awake,
And I wave my hand to make

Positive no form is there.
Slight the movement as a charm ;
Yet the elves, in half alarm,

Dance, as flakes of snow wind-tossed,
Hither, thither, pathways crossed ;
Ne'er alighting, never lost ;
 Sailing, circling, not away ;
Just as birds near nestlings' bower,
Or dreams of a happy hour
Hover o'er love's perfect flower.

 Thus the air is full and gay,
And Manhanan, on his isle,
Has enchantment's reign the while.

All the softest shades are here
Blended, yet distinct and clear.
Ivory, blush, and sky are mere

 Hints of words' unequal task.
While, with siren sweetness caught,
Fragrant to the sense and thought,
Comes celestial music, fraught

 With unuttered sounds that bask
Near the inner jasper gate,
Which has been unlatched of late.

With the wing of silver tide
Ocean sweeps the island's side,
And a fisherman, who tried

 Bravely on her breast to hide,
Strands and lands. The fairies rise
Swift, in couples, to the skies ;
Mists to him, their old disguise :

 I alone unpacified.

Thus the present's claim is strong.
Centuries past return not long.

THE AVON'S SONG.

At Windsor, Nova Scotia.

I PULSE into the channel
And fill it to the brim ;
I bear the heaviest tonnage
That rides the ocean dim.
I am Acadia's river ;
Her lover, wealth in hand ;
Her restless, living river,
Awaiting swift command.

I doff my hat, my gallop
Has been a merry race.
As usual, I'm delighted
To see Acadia's face.
My treasure and my tribute
I anchor to the strand,
And turn—oh, sweet Acadia,
I cannot bide the land !

There's many a laggard river
Whose race-course ne'er is dry,
And aptly many a lover
Whose pulse is never high.

Acadia, I, your river,
Am emissary grand ;
John Alden of the Fundy,
Be pleased to understand.

Your faithful, faithless Avon
At Windsor, as you see,
Atlantic, Fundy, Minas
In personality ;
Your pilgrim, as to Mecca,
Who kneels upon the sand,
And comes forever daily
To kiss your dimpled hand.

THE WHITE HOUSE GUESTS.

Washington, February 5, 1890.

UNEXPECTED, welcome, they,—
Vases fair of fragile clay
With the incense burned away.

In an awful moment's space,
Mortal time cannot efface,
Passed the gleams beyond our trace.

It is meet the vases rest
Here upon the nation's breast.
Death has been the nation's guest.

AFTER READING ALICE AND PHŒBE
CARY'S POEMS.

I've taken your sweet, sweet lessons,
Alice and Phœbe dear,
Close to my heart, and hope to keep
Contentment ever near.

I've read, when clouds pressed nearest
The storm with chargers free,
And bore, in his flaming chariot,
My best-beloved from me,

The beautiful consolations
Which, thick as buds in June,
Bestrew the garden of your words
For midnight, morn, and noon.

I wish you were still among us
To beckon the sweetest blooms,
And weave life's ragged edges smooth
In your melodious looms!

You are years beyond our hearing,
And yet your notes are ours ;
They fill the air as "singing leaves,"
And perfume it as flowers.

I've gathered your sweet, sweet music,
Alice and Phœbe dear,
Close to my heart, and pray to keep
Contentment ever near.

AN AUTUMN LESSON.

AWAKING with the morning,
To face the east I turned,
While through my leaf-screened window
The scarlet sunrise burned.
The altar-fires of promise
That smouldered all the night,
Shot up, in gleams victorious,
Their heraldry of light.

I reached the window quickly
To let the brightness in,
And saw the orange gather
Where scarlet lines had been—
A glorious panorama
Of pyrotechnics free,
Crimson, orange, and golden,
All shifting rapidly.

The kindly breeze that met me
Grouped back my fading leaves ;
I watched the consecration
An autumn day receives.
A perfect halo followed,
Illumination rare
Of softest light pervaded
The ambient morning air.

"A marvellous sight!" I whispered,
As God and Nature blessed.
But as I spoke a shadow
On the horizon pressed;
The brilliancy of color
Was lost in ash and gray;
A wreath of smoke encircled
Each disappearing ray.

A baptism of rain fell
Upon the parchèd earth.
"'Twill storm to-day," I murmured.
"What's morning's promise worth?
Such sacrifice and halo
For tiny drops of rain—
Such pageantry and gladness
For gray of smoke and pain."

"We need the rain, beloved,"
A voice said that I heard;
"'Tis not alone by grandeur
Dame Nature's heart is stirred.
Not by unbroken brightness
Do souls of men grow strong.
Exemplified this morning
Is truth established long."

Forever fresh I saw it,
God's lesson unto men.
With patience, as He teaches,
I fain would learn again

THE PIGEON'S FRUITLESS SEARCH. 77

That every brand of color
 Illuming east or west
Precedes or follows darkness,
 And that what is is best.

THE PIGEON'S FRUITLESS SEARCH.

An incident of a neighboring fire.

THE flames leaped high, the lurid light
Made weirdly beautiful the night ;
Bound by the fire-king's ruthless chain
Were barn and horses, cattle, grain ;
Timber and beast together fell
A sacrifice to Vulcan's spell.

Out of the darkness, while the flame
Raged highest, a white pigeon came
And circled round the blazing pyre,
Her precious brood was in the fire.
With white wings spread and piteous mien,
Sailing the hot air, she was seen
Go round and round the flaming mass,
Until ten times she seemed to pass ;
When the scorched wings refused her will
And darkness caught her panting still
To save her fledglings and her nest.
Heroic effort ! At our best
We are but birds of passage too,
Guided by instinct deep and true.

The fire burned out, her brood was lost.
So little of the heavy cost
Of soulless life that fed the blaze.
The ruins smoulder nights and days.
The pigeon mourns with crippled wings;
We con the lesson that she brings,
The old, old lesson, mother love
Can soar the holocaust above,
And a winged spirit strives to be
Close to her own in misery,
Watching and guarding, mourning last
When every hope is overcast.

THE GLASS-BLOWERS.

THE melting-pots, pale with force of heat,
From parched lips puff, as we pass, "Retreat!"

With fire-proof batons, the blowers of glass
Lift balls of flame from the molten mass

To poise and swing, and to mould at ease
Crystalline, wonderful mysteries.

No time is wasted; each man in place
His baton swings with an air and grace

Of one who knows that the laborer's arm
Is the nation's pendulum; that labor's charm

For fullest action is sweetest rest ;
That every man in his niche is best.

The finger-like, pipe-like baton swings
Its ball of fire, and the blower sings,

Thro' the whispering crevice, " Fire, take wings !"
The ball into larger compass springs.

Its heart, at a breath, is cleft in twain.
The blower repeats his whispered strain,

The ball, transformed, is a scarlet bell,
Swift fading to pink cylindric swell.

Then, lost to color and heart and ball,
Transparent sits by its neighbors tall,

While the blower swings his baton anew
Into the furnace whence this he drew.

Another, another, with like surprise,
Expands as breath from scarlet guise.

The brawny blower's accustomed skill
To us is a perfect miracle.

We bunch but flowers that meed our way,
While the country's arm of strength are they.

Blow on, ye men of the robust might,
We by your glass keep bloom in sight.

The key-note of God's eternal plan
Is this dependence of man on man.

Each, who in place does his level best,
May safe with the future trust the rest.

Blow we the glass or the perfumed leaves,
It is work well wrought reward receives.

FRIENDS ON THE TURRET.

To my kinswoman.

SLUMBERING on the northern seas,
Fanned and kissed by ocean breeze,
Are the heather-clad Orkneys.

Autumn brought but harvest there ;
Green the oats stood everywhere
In the beckoning Christmas air.

Flowers were not, and trees were not,
Save perchance in sheltered spot
Which the salted breeze forgot.

Kirkwall turning towards the bay,
In her heavy stone array,
Uninviting looked and gray ;

But she smiled and understood
The pure Quaker womanhood ;
Reached the two a greeting good.

Christians they of good intent,
On love's ministry outsent
From America, and bent

On the Gospel spreading wide.
They had stemmed the storm and tide
Of the waters, and beside

Felt the cross they inly bore
Growing heavier than before,
As they neared the Mainland shore.

Sweet was welcome to them then
From those Orkney Island men,
And they blessed each denizen.

Five the islands did they grace,
That the dangerous channel face ;
Westra last in their embrace.

Left they each the preachèd word ;
And the people's souls were stirred
With the Scripture news they heard.

Bleak and barren seemed the isles
To the women, but for smiles.
How love all things reconciles !

Memory with Shapinsha stays,
Fondest kissed of ocean sprays ;
Softest wrapped by autumn haze.

Owne and swayed by wedde pair,
Fair in silver-blossome hair,
Rich in gold and rubies rare.

High upon his castle tower
See I, with a mystic power,
Him, the ruler of an hour,

And my friends, whose plainest dress
But enhances comeliness,
Listening with attentiveness.

He explains, with jewelled hand
Pointing to his sea-bound land,
That its scope they understand.

Then beyond he calls their view
To the brown-capped retinue
Cropping from the ocean blue.

Southward, too, he bids them turn,
Where the hills of Scotland burn,
Dim in distance, as they learn,

Sixty miles away. The sky,
With her galleon headlight high,
Drops a charm to beautify.

From the turret comes a voice,
"Let us pray!" He has no choice
But to hearken and rejoice.

Woman, praying close to God,
There above Shapinsha's sod,
For a man whose every nod

Is an understood command !
Brave art thou in castled land
As upon thy native strand.

Palace, tower, and cottage low
Thou alike hast left aglow
With good-will and peace below.

Long will Orkney memories fair
Follow thee, while lingers there
Still the turret prayer in air.

A BIRTHDAY JINGLE.

Read at the celebration of the eightieth birthday of Catharine
Oberholtzer, March 11, 1891.

How wildly Time rolls and tumbles and tosses
Over the world with its joys and its losses !
Winters and Summers, Octobers and Marches,
Frowning and smiling and garlands for larches.
Nature, untiring, her wind-harps is thumbing ;
Beckoning to birthdays that ever are coming.
Progress is laughing, and counting her measures ;
Past is receding, and hiding her treasures.

The Present forever, but never delaying,
Is here, and is gone, the while we are saying,
Time, in his flurry, but tumbles and tosses,
Jumbling our hopes with crowns and with crosses.

Of birthdays and birthdays that reach to fourscore,
We never have had such a good one before.
We welcome and bless it, our mother, for thee ;
And four generations, delighted to see
The length of thy days and the youth of thy ways,
Have gathered their smiles in thy parlor to praise
The Giver of years, and the mile-stone to meet
As children again, and they sit at thy feet.
We follow thy lead, but may not overtake,
Though coming and coming as new birthdays break.
Thy record of mile-stones we number with pride,
And cheer on our comrades to walk in thy guide.
March on ! while we follow thy steps as we may,
And strength for our leader unitedly pray.

TIN-WEDDING LINES.

HAVING now, my friends, the tin,
You a fuller score can win.
Seeing how the years have sped,
You can look with joy ahead,
And with wisdom, faith, and tin
Strive a silver cord to spin.

Life is not a game of chance ;
'Tis the worthy who advance ;
Those who justly understand
Motive power of brain and hand,
And with energy begin
Early to collect their tin.

You have all things, I opine ;
Unto you all hearts incline,
Youth and talents, love and health,
And two blossoms that a wealth—
Diamond, silver, gold, or tin—
Never from your hearts can win.

Let me wish you only this,
A continuance of bliss,
An immunity from pain ;
And that hand in hand again
You may gather silver in
As you do to-day the tin.

TO THE DONOR OF A BOUQUET.

BEAUTIFUL roses white, and pinks,
Of your fragrance my soul drinks.
Kindly, lovingly somebody thinks
Of me.

Love is more than gold or fame,
Kindness better than titled name ;
Sympathy stronger force than blame
We see.

Woman's friendships, firm and clear,
Gather fragrance year by year,
Till they blossom thus in cheer
So free.

Beautiful thoughts, beautiful bloom,
How you fill the pleasant room !
Giver dear, bide never a gloom
With thee.

LIFE'S CONSOLATION.

On the death of our neighbor, Harvey Shaw.
October 19, 1888.

SOFTLY drift the gold and brown
Of the maples on the town ;
Winged, as birds, the leaves set free
Skim the air half timidly ;
Then they wreath the sloping street,
Pause and nestle at our feet.
Bright, unconscious souvenirs they
Of the summer passed away.

Grieved, as empty nests, the trees
Seem that late were crowned with these,

And the autumn's low refrain
Has an undertone of pain.
Though the sunlight stoops and woos,
All in vain, the days refuse
The fresh brightness held before—
Loneliness is near our door.

The accustomed ways are drear,
Lacking that sweet smile of cheer
Our good neighbor from his face
Shed abroad with ready grace.
Falling leaves and fading joys—
God creates and Time destroys
All things mortal, till we see
Nothing but futurity.

Leaves and lives must fade and fall—
Change, the destiny of all,
Meets us often unaware
With a parting and a care.
How we miss the neighbor, friend,
Who had happiness to lend ;
The true, honest man whose thought
Ever seemed with kindness fraught !

He has crossed the lines of space
Compassing our earthly race,
And his spirit smiles to-day
Where the winds of heaven play.
Though unfathomed, not afar
Is the realm where spirits are,

And the boundary marked as death
We approach with every breath.

When we reach the jasper gate
Where the joyful angels wait,
Go beyond the season's rounds,
Where no parting cry resounds,
All life's clouds will disappear
And its mysteries be clear ;
Greeting, we'll forget the while
We have mourned our neighbor's smile.

LAI D TO REST.

October 9, 1889,

TENDERLY, silver moon, look down
On the new grave to-night !
Stars that symbol our home above,
Oh, shine with softest light !

Angels, stoop to the friends bereft
And kiss all tears away !
An earthly veil has covered lips
Of sweetest smile to-day.

Come closer, Lord, to mourning hearts
Than Thou hast been before !
The life was Thine. The memory we
Will treasure evermore.

THANKSGIVING.

A SHOWER of gold is falling,
The yellow tints of air
Are lodging on the tree-tops
And twinkling everywhere.

The emerald wreath of summer,
The mild perfume of spring,
Are as the down of thistle
At autumn's hallowing.

And this is all thanksgiving ;
This breath of heaven let down,
When summer's soul ascended,
That rests upon the town.

Thanksgiving. God, our Father,
Renew our lives in Thee !
That we may value justly
Thy generosity.

LAST NIGHT'S SNOW.

January 9, 1889.

As flocks of birds the snow-flakes flew
Among the trees, and the whiteness grew
To mountains of down.

A world redeemed in a single night
And robed in garment of purest white
As a slumber-gown.

Yesterday's marks of struggle and sin
Are all washed out, or folded in,
And the perfect snow
Covers the grave of the dear old year
We laid to rest in the golden clear
Only a week ago.

The sycamores bald that guard the street
And shrubberies near have an odd conceit—
'Tis their trysting-day—
That the crystal wreaths the wind-sprite tied
Has garlanded each for a winter bride
In her own wild way ;

And the spangled air that clustering clings
To the busy world, with myriad wings,
Is rose leaves riven
To bless their troth. So they smile and bend.
'Tis the loving Lord Himself doth send
The bloom from heaven.

APROPOS.

THEY say it's bitter weather ;
But, while we sleigh together,
Why care ?
The wind may be alarming ;
To me it is a charming
Affair.

The blast we push behind us:
The snow can never find us
In here.
We are tucked in securely.
I see you smile demurely,
My dear.

I'm sure you like this weather,
Because we are together,
Annette.
While merry bells are ringing
And steeds are onward winging,
My pet,

Just whisper "Yes, forever,"
And tell me I am clever
To-day.
I never can remember
That you, on last September,
Said "Nay."

THE "ROBERT MORGAN."

The ship "Robert Morgan" was washed into a street in Atlantic City, New Jersey, during a storm and high tide in January, 1884, where she sat high and dry seven months, until a mid-summer high tide, when with long effort she was got into the water.

THE ocean throws her burden oft
Upon the silvery sand,
And in a January storm
She swept, with angry hand,
The "Robert Morgan" from her breast,
"Because," she said, "it is not best
For you to float. You'd better rest,
 'Robert Morgan.'"

She edged the beach with drifts of sand,
Those blossoms of the sea
Which on the smooth gray canvas line
Stand out enchantingly.
She swept all barriers away:
Man's work became her balls of play,
And you the trophy of a spray,
 "Robert Morgan."

Now in Atlantic City street
You rest at her command.
I doubt if e'er her arms outreach
To draw you from the strand.

She laughs afar and tosses back
A mocking echo on her track:
"The land is still. You'd better tack,
 'Robert Morgan.'"

THE WASHER-WOMAN.

UNDER the laughing trees,
Catching the blossom breeze,
In tubs of white or blue,
Where draperies soft pass through,
 Stands the woman of toil,
 Battling with suds and soil.

Blind to the bloom is she,
And birds that merrily
Chirp and woo and wed,
In branches overhead,
 Move not the woman of toil,
 Battling with suds and soil.

The sapphire dome of sky,
With changeful pendants high,
Is naught, if sun but shine
When clothes are on the line,
 Thinks the woman of toil,
 Battling with suds and soil.

Whatever of bloom or spring,
Of charm of voice or wing,
Of amber tint of air,
Of delicate vision fair
 Touched the woman of toil,
 Battling with suds and soil,

Passed by so long ago
They left no trace or glow
On wrinkled face and form
That meet half way each storm.
 Hapless woman of toil,
 Battling with suds and soil.

The angels stoop so low,
In flitting to and fro
Near the cleaner of clothes,
How near she little knows,
 Blind, deaf woman of toil,
 Battling with suds and soil.

I wonder if gray Death,
That drinks all human breath,
Can reach her with his wand,
And make her understand
 We end with mortal coil
 This battle of suds and soil.

MY VALENTINE.

WHEN hyacinths were ringing
Their fragrance on the air,
I wandered through the garden
And sought you everywhere ;

When wild azaleas clustered
And summer days were fair,
I lingered in the woodland
And thought to find you there ;

When sacrificial autumn
Made leaflet lanterns glare,
The gold and scarlet glimmer
I hoped would touch your hair ;

When snow-flails broke the lanterns
And warmth and light were spare,
I groped, almost discouraged,
In shadows of despair ;

But winter's cheeks are blushing
To spring most debonair ;
Saint Valentine discovers
To me your beauty rare.

AN INDELIBLE POSTER.

CO-OPERATIVE is creation.

We cannot of ourselves exist,
Nor for ourselves. On obligation
We continually subsist.

Our independence is unreal.

We are a part of the great whole,
And can but reach our high ideal
Through the wide longing of the soul.

We are the tenantry who tarry
Uncertain days or years, at best.
The richest landed cannot carry
A crumb beyond the poorest guest

When moving hence. No distribution
Unto the lessee, great or small,
When he vacates this institution,
Is made ; he simply leaves it all.

Only the soul's accumulations,
Developments of the divine,
Are ours, and God's sure consolations
That Jesus Christ is yours and mine.

ON THE SAGUENAY.

IMPOTENT, hurricane blackness.

Styx, where dead centuries stood

Pledging their word to infernals ;

Phantom defiant, that should,

Ignored by men in its fastness,

Condemned to silence and vastness,

Be mourning denial of wood.

Rifted and wrinkled the mountains,

Deformed by terrible sights.

Trinity Cape and Eternity

Brazen with records of blights ;

Marked by the ages and smitten

To have indelibly written

On foreheads the list of their frights.

Cloud-racks of capes, whose abutments

Anchor in dregs of ill fate

With fathomless depths, where there plunges

Torrents besieging Hell's gate.

Solemn, gigantic, as thunders,

Winds hush, and the Diable wonders

Who now on the Saguenay wait.

Awful the silence at Trinity,

Our boat but a scallop at play ;

The echoing pæan of silence

Descends from the cloud of gray,

Cleaving the bottomless river.
We shudder, and whisper, " Deliver !
Good captain, oh, steer us away !"

HA HA BAY.

Into the gladness of sunshine,
Into the Bay's fond embrace
Glide we, and fancies distorted
Blush as the beauty they face.
Silence dethroned, unattended ;
Rainbows of promise, extended
From cliffs to the Ha Ha, we trace.

A BELATED LEAF.

LITTLE leaflet, in satin brown,
High on a sycamore-tree in town,
Swinging aloft, on the highest bough,
Into the winter ; I wonder how
You quietly hold your summer place,
The most enduring of all your race !

Flaunting your sail in the northern breeze
That floats æolian on the trees ;
Guarding a motley of mottled boughs ;
Every morning, as I arouse,
I gain fresh courage from you to be
Faithful, although alone on a tree.

AN INVALID'S PLAINT.

ONLY a woman, weak and frail,
Only a hand of fragile clay.
How can I eke the whole year out,
If thus I feel in the sunny May?
How can the summer bring me strength
That spring-time's heart refused to give?
Oh, it is bitter to lay life down
When the whole world is crying "Live!"

SABBATH AT OCEAN GROVE.

PEACE and silence and the Sabbath,
Triune blessing, seems to rest
On this grove the great Atlantic
Clasps so softly to her breast.

All the glamour, gold, and glitter
Of the yester-eve so gay
Have been folded, with the swan's wings,
And are anchored safe away.

Peace and silence and the Sabbath.
Angels kiss the Lord's seal down,
And their lips have touched our spirits
In this love-lake, sea-side town.

THE SENTINEL SUNFLOWER.

STANDING alone in the mellow light,
Sunflower sentinel, golden bright.
Turned to the eastward disk and leaves,
Child of the morning, that receives
Into its heart the gold of days,
And miniatures the sun's own rays.

A growth of chance. The wild winds threw
A seed on the new-made lawn : it grew
A sturdy stalk of fibre tough.
The sea beat near and the winds were rough ;
The grass on the lawn it centred burned
To a sickly color and earthward turned.

Sand-tossed, as snow, on the simoon air ;
Salt mists, as tears, dropped everywhere ;
The grass we had nurtured for years grew brown ;
But the sunflower, sentinel of the town,
Fronting our cottage by the sea,
Has grown and blossomed perfectly.

Only a single stalk it stands,
Lower leaves crumpled as sea-weed strands.
With borders singed, three green ones sway,
Emerald flags for the color gay.
Spiked and perfect, the disk is spired
With arrows the sun has tipped and fired.

DISPOSITION OF A GRINDSTONE. 101

Set as a light-house on the shore.
Beyond is the ocean's break and roar,
The pulsing water with ermine edge,
The blue expanse with ledge on ledge
Of softest clouds that stoop and play
With sails that dot the deep to-day.

Sunflower sentinel, bloom of gold,
Lessons of strength you hold, unfold ;
A sermon rests on your open face ;
It is this : by God's and Nature's grace,
We may each, though winds blow east and west,
Attain alone our height, be blest.

AN OLD WOMAN'S DISPOSITION OF HER
GRINDSTONE.

It's most amazin' dangerous,
An' I never dreamed afore
I harbored sich a dreadful thing
Right under my room floor.

I'd not 'a' slept a wink at nights
If I'd 'a' knowed about it.
The stone's deceivin' anyway ;
I'll live an' die without it.

Harmless ! No, I reckon not.
Why, one but lately bursted
An' sent four men tu better lands,
Or where prospects is worsted.

You don't ketch me a-keepin' round
No sich misleadin' critters :
I've nosed the grindstone long enough,
Bakin' the old man's fritters.

You wouldn't mind it! Well, we'll see.
Lift out that gray stone, Thomas,
An' put it clean into the road.
There, it won't scuff your wamus.

I'll keep the pie-board screenin' me,
While you, with wise controllin',
Git from the cellar this 'ere stone.
Stop! I'm afeard it's rollin'.

It's only 'cause you cannot read
You don't know 'bout these dangers ;
The scientific 'scoveries made
Make us old people strangers.

We've got tu caution tu the times.
Dig a deep hole, I tell ye,
An' put the old gray grindstone in
'Fore it explodes tu fell ye.

Them hand-grenades what's fangled new
Might be good tu surround it ;
But plant it deep, an' plant it safe,
That yards of earth may bound it.

A streak of luck we've had these years,
An' fate has been propitious
Tu hold the evil forces dumb
While we were unsuspecting.

We'll du our duty, Thomas, well ;
A monument protective
Shall rise above the grindstone's grave,
That others grow reflective.

What ain't fit fur our cellar, man,
Ain't fit fur other people's.
That's good sound doctrin' that I larnt
Where churches had no steeples.

Du as you'd be did, that's the p'int.
The good old Bible teachin'
Is better ner high-soundin' talk
And vastly further reachin'.

Laws! jist tu think, I used tu turn
That grindstone by the handle,
While gran'ther ground the butcher-knives
An' grandma held the candle.

It didn't burst. It wasn't ripe,
I reckon, fur explodin' :
It seemed the civillest thing on 'arth,
An' we had no forebodin'.

That's jist the way the times will change.
The old folks long a-slumber ;
While wonders wakened since they went
Puzzle my brain tu number.

There's telegraphs, an' telephones,
An' lightnin' train expresses,
Electric lights, an' phonographs,
An' things nobody guesses.

Discoveries is hatchin' fast,
An' peckin' fur existence.
The hen of years has set her time
With patience an' persistence.

She's got a brood, but scarcely clucks,
Because her work's unfinished.
She'll set fur centuries tu be
With ardor undiminished,

An' what she'll hatch, an' what she won't
Is beyond our conceivin'.
The shells, like grindstones, tu our view
Is commonplace, deceivin',

Till they all burst, as burst they must
When with life's atoms loaded.
Our old conceits is like the shells,
All worthless an' exploded.

We're lucky if we git along,
Among these hatched inventions,
'Thout being lost or gobbled up
Tu feed their best intentions.

I reads me papers, yes, I does,
An' that's how I knows, Thomas,
The things what give us rightful fears
An' things what ought tu calm us.

We'll bury grindstones an' all ill
That's likely ripe fur hatchin'.
There, touch the gray stone quiet-like,
An' don't its edge be scratchin' !

You'd like tu grind your scythe ag'in,
An' mow the medder rushes,
The elder an' the alder clumps
Where flood-time water gushes !

Your scythe ! Why, Thomas, you know well
The brier-hook's long rusted ;
The medder drained's a field of corn.
Your memory can't be trusted.

You needn't kere fur sich a stone.
It was no human critter,
That you should mourn an' make its grave
A-sheddin' tears so bitter.

We'll du our duty, as I said,
Nor hug old-fashioned notions.
The world ain't goin' tu stop fur us
Its various locomotions.

We'll jog along as best we kin,
An' call the changes pleasant ;
Because there ain't no age, ye see,
Like this 'ere blessed present.

A grindstone buried good and tight
Kin make no further trouble ;
An' rather'n be careless-like
I'd have me caution double.

We'll all live till we die, ye see,
An' longer if designin'
Tu keep all dangers out uv sight
An' lights o' safety shinin'.

It ain't no matter when we find
Our notions need a-mendin',
If we but quickly patch 'em up,
With wisest thought intendin'.

We'll have reward, uv course we will,
The good book's full uv promise
And comfort sure fur you an' me,
So mark the grave well, Thomas.

GOING BY THE MORNING TRAIN.

Written in the winter at a country station, where the only morning
train passes at six o'clock.

WE are going, yes, we're going,
Going by the morning train ;
And the clouds that hung at bedtime
Grayly grim, predicted rain.

By the chickens gauged we bedtime,
And because a skiff of snow
Sailed between them and their time-piece,
Ranged they early in a row.

So the night was long before us,
And the daylight scarce behind,
When upon our couch of feathers
We expectantly reclined.

After various cogitations
On the prospect of a rain,
O'er us fell a slumber, troubled
Lest we should not wake again.

We had slept, it seemed a lifetime,
When we started in affright
And broke matches half a dozen
In our haste to get a light.

Down the steps, the clock consulted,
For its strike we could not wait.
Oh, I wonder what makes people
Ever, ever sit up late !

There, amid their books and papers,
Sat our family of five,
Till I dashed, half blind, amid them :
"Robbers, boys, as I'm alive !"

Shouted father, "Seize your pistols,
And tread carefully the stair !
Daughter, fawn-like, trembling creature,
How did highwaymen get there ?"

"Only ten o'clock !" I uttered,
Gazing upward in dismay.
"Night is robber of the daytime ;"
That was all I had to say.

But the joke was turned upon me,
And the laugh that followed fast
Seemed to get up-stairs before me,
Though I know not how it passed.

Covered we up then our faces,
Half abashed and yet amused,
And the next time my companion
Wanted clock-time, I refused.

Somewhat later I, half dreaming,
Heard an army softly tread,
And the tinkling laughter-music
Had a hush-word at the head.

It was our belated household
Marching to the "Land of Nod,"
While the mother was the captain
Bidding mirth be lightly shod.

So we closed our eyes the tighter
And determined on a sleep,
But we thought it must be raining,
And arose to outward peep.

Yellow stars looked down upon us,
And we turned away content,
Sighing, as we pressed the pillow,
"If this weary night was spent!"

Then we dreamed of dreams a hundred,
Just about a minute long,
Full of all the ills of travel,
Such as through a nightmare throng.

One and two we heard the clock say,
Ghosts of stillness filled the house;
Nervous, our disordered fancies
Swelled the gay steps of a mouse

To the walk of a hobgoblin,
Till we shook with terror wild.
There, the cock crows ; it is morning !
At the knowledge how we smiled !

Clocks may err, but chickens never,
For they call the breaking day.
" Rise, my friend, we'll miss the milk train.
Rise, for darkness fades away."

Nothing loath, we made our toilets,
Chuckling in our own delight
That we stealthily had risen
While the household thought it night.

Then my friend—a moralizer—
Thus descanted while we dressed :
" If we always retired early,
We'd have more refreshing rest,

" And if always we rose early,
Winter days would longer be ;
Thus we'd waste less gas and coal oil,"
She pursued most logic'ly.

I assented, though confessing
I felt neither fresh nor long,
And that nights, at best, were tedious,
Though much sleep should make us strong,

We were ready ! and victorious
Swept we, hatted, gloved, and furred,
To the hall ; to wake the family
For a second we demurred ;

But the car-time is uncourteous,
So we loudly called, " Good-by !"
" What the deuce is up ?" cried father.
" It's we girls." He said, " That's high !"

" Never, never mind the breakfast,
We can get it all in town.
There, we are entirely ready ;
Please not one of you come down !"

" You lie down !" out shouted father ;
" Why, you'll catch your death of cold !
As I live, it's scarce past midnight,
And an old bird's never sold."

" Neither is a chicken, father,"
With due meekness answered I,
" And the rooster has been crowing
To the daylight in the sky."

One, two, three, the hammer struck it,
Just the moment that I spoke,
And a laugh that grew contagious
From the silent chambers broke.

"Go to sleep, that's dear, good children,"
Said a soft voice through it all.
"Oh, these awful, awful milk trains!"
Smothered from my lips did fall.

Then a disappointed slumber
Came upon us deep at last ;
Slumber that had not departed
Till the train was steaming past.

A FRAGMENT.

WHATEVER you do, do right, my boy ;
Whatever you do, do right.
The reward you'll have's delight, my boy ;
The reward you'll have's delight.

WALT WHITMAN.

Written at his funeral, Camden, New Jersey, March 30, 1892.

MILD eyes veiled, and silence,
White with bloom, on his cheeks ;
Nature's close translator
Slumbers, and yet he speaks.

Humanity, swaying, listens.
Sorrow and faint adieu
Halo the air, but clearly
The poet's love breaks through :

Love to echo and linger
Along the walls of time,
Tender,—democratic,—
A universal chime.

WED AMONG THE LILIES.

April 28, 1892.

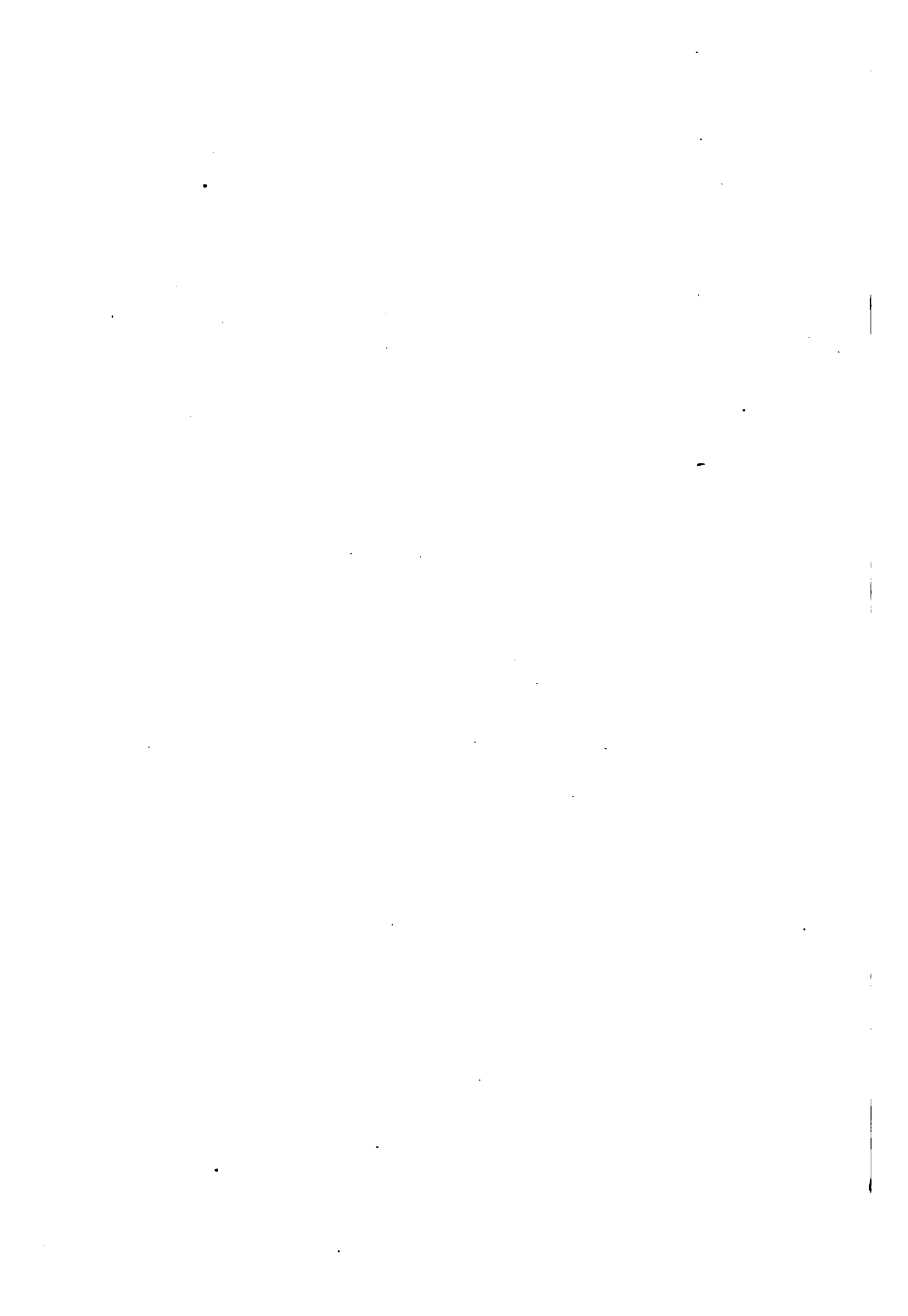
WED among the lilies,
Sweet and sunny May.
Wed among the lilies
On an April day.

Perfect as the lilies ;
Pure and fair as they,
In the breath of violets,
Be your onward way.

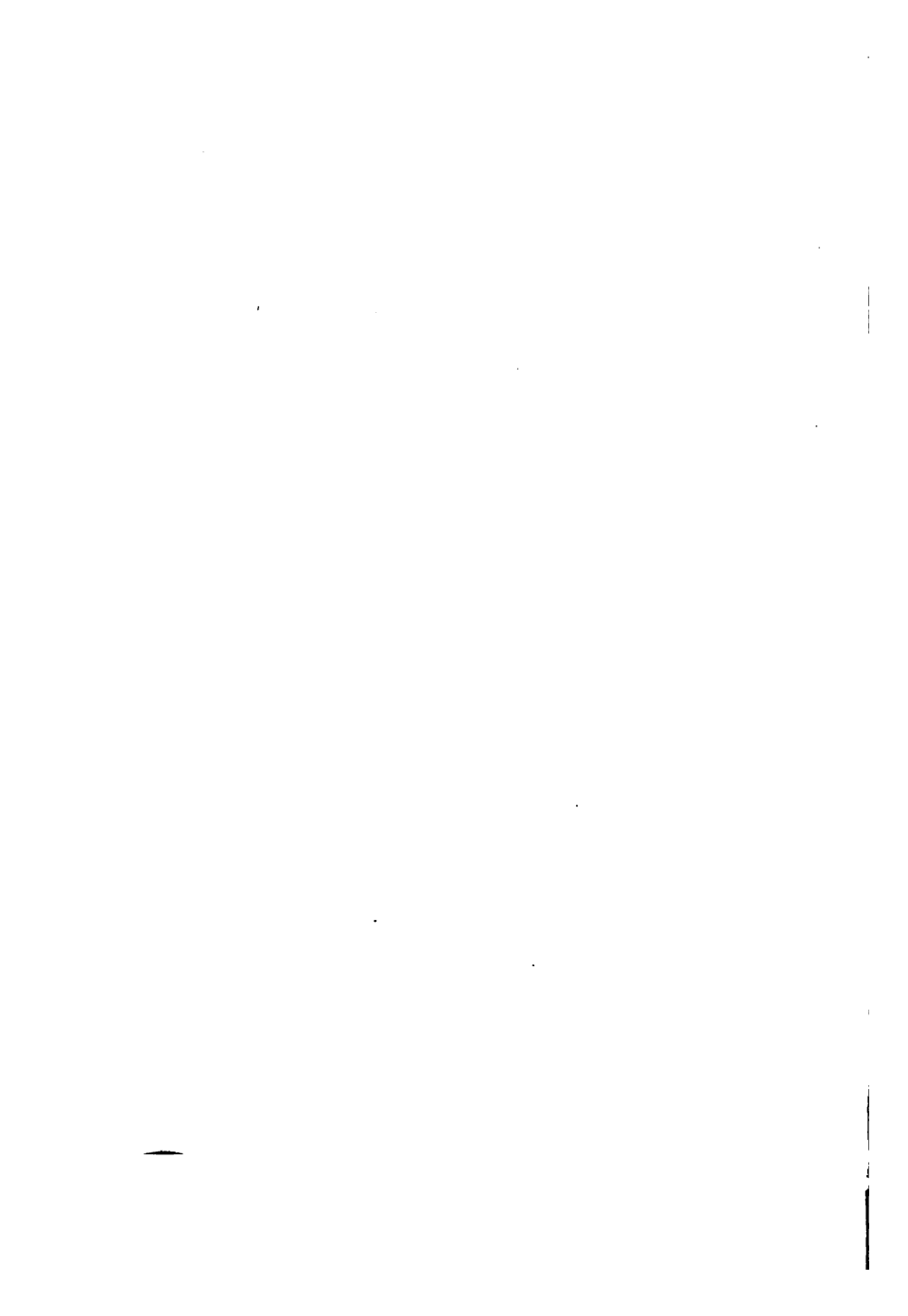
Hark ! prophetic lilies
Voices lift and say,
“Solomon, in glory,
Had not such array

“As God gives the lilies.”
Lingering on for aye
Will this bridal blessing
Echo for you, May.

Wed among the lilies
On an April day.
Spoken to by lilies,
Sweet and sunny May.







PHILADELPHIA'S GREETING TO LADY
HENRY SOMERSET.

Read at the luncheon given by Mrs. J. R. Jones to Lady Henry
Somerset, on her arrival in Philadelphia, November 21, 1891.

WELCOME, gracious lady, free
Philadelphia gives to thee.

Never from its Quaker heart
Will the grateful thought depart

Of its founder, William Penn,
Ours of all the Englishmen.

For his sake the rose of cheer
Blossoms for thee, lady, here ;

For thy own all blooms expand,
And the white flowers, of the land

Grow more fragrant, seem more fair
With thy sunshine in the air.

Streets he fashioned, without curve,
Unto us as pointers serve

Up to level, clean-cut ways,
Wherein moral standards raise ;

And our very name is love,
Brotherly as Christ's above.

We, alas ! have gone awry,
Careless, as the days go by,

Of the name, the treaty, street ;
Purpose, promise incomplete ;

We have failed fulfilments best.
England is again our guest ;

And in thee, fair lady, we
Winning back to promise see.

Eastnor castle gate, ajar,
Beckons to thee from afar ;

Family, tenantry, and friends
Watch and wait, while there ascends

From thy noble heart a prayer
That omniscient, tender care

Bide with people everywhere.
Welcome, gracious lady fair.

Penn's long streets need ribbons white
Stretched their length and breadth to-night,

THE W. C. T. U. : ITS WAND OF POWER. 119

And the love our name portrays
To grow purer with the days.

Welcome thou, thrice welcome here,
Blessèd messenger of cheer.

Philadelphia never yet,
Lady Henry Somerset,

Had such English mother-care
As thou bringest now, with prayer.

Grateful welcome, broad and free,
We extend, beloved, to thee.

THE W. C. T. U. : ITS WAND OF POWER.

Read on the historic rock at Indian Spring, Georgia, November 19, 1890, as Pennsylvania's word on the occasion of the Atlanta Press excursion given the five hundred National W. C. T. U. delegates and their friends, from Atlanta to that point.

MEN may fail in undertakings,
Nations see no way to rise,
But the women, Men and Nations,
Know the secrets of the skies :

Know that love, the spark immortal
That has lit the ages down,
Is the grandest power momentum
From the cradle to the crown.

We have waited, but no longer
Are the silent, dormant power ;
For our love has blossomed prayers
That wreathe heaven every hour.

Seen, and heard, and felt, we're coming,
Asking blessings all the way ;
Gaining strength with each endeavor
To advance the dawn of day.

We, the mothers, sisters, sweethearts
Of the men and nations dear,
Will not falter in allegiance
Until victory is here.

A RESPONSE.

Spontaneously given at the opening of the National W. C. T. U. Convention at Atlanta, Georgia, November 14, 1890, immediately after the invitation of Governor and Mrs. Northen to a reception in the executive mansion, and the presentation of a resolution by a committee of Georgia legislators offering the Convention the use of the capitol building for some meetings of the organization.

FROM the cold and frozen northland,
From the sunset of the west,
From the early eastern morning,
We are here at your behest.

Here, oh, sweet, beloved southland !
Here, forgetting all the rest ;
We, your own, through reunion,
Gathered to your pulsing breast.

OVER THE KINZUA VIADUCT.

Written after crossing the Kinzua Viaduct, *en route* to Bradford, Pennsylvania, October 15, 1890, and read at the opening of the Pennsylvania W. C. T. U. Annual Convention at Bradford, on the morning of October 16.

OVER the dizzy height we swung,
Poised, and moved with a cautious gait.
A stream, that wandered the trees among,
Laid like a silver dream await
For budding gold
On the autumn wold.

We counted its singing ripples dim,
Voiceless, save to our inner ear ;
We caught the sound of a deep-down hymn
By a sense of sight, so far, so near,
Balancing there
On the Kinzua fair.

We poised and swung, we crossed and met
The rugged earth with its prose of place ;
And mountains fair as Olivet,
With a touch of sun on beard and face,
Grown beauty wild,
A welcome smiled.

A vision passing, the dream, the deep,
The stream, the tree-tops, the world beneath,
A Swiss-like picture, sketched to keep
Framed and fair in a memory-wreath
Till time is gray
And darkness day.

A chasm spanned with a bridge of steel,
Reaches and glitters and bears the weight ;
The builders' promise is ours ; we feel
White thoughts and ribbons will, soon or late,
If welded-strong,
Bridge over wrong.

Our courage is fresh, our courage is new,
Each gap of beauty or evil dire
Admits of cover, and labor true
Achieves whatever it may aspire
To reach or span
That blesses man.

Nature's torches, aflame, are bright,
And spire-like derricks doff hats of gray ;
Skill and the elements unite.
Over the viaduct, and away,
We pause,—are blessed,
As Bradford's guests.

AN ENCAMPMENT POEM.

Read at the opening of the W. C. T. U. Encampment at Valley
Forge, Pennsylvania, July, 2, 1890.

OUR tents are pitched. As doves they rest
Upon this hill with memories blessed.
• Emblems of woman's love confessed
For homes where purity is guest.

Emblems of strength and patience grand
To wait till right possess the land ;
Emblems of labor, as they stand,
Sentinels of action, faith in hand.

The musketry of long ago,
The pickets walking to and fro,
Scanning the line for English foe,
That in the light of history glow,

Served well their purpose, and we see
Their records in a country free ;
While this old camp-ground seems to be
Our patriot fathers' legacy.

Their service, struggle, sufferings here
Make Valley Forge a keepsake dear,
And this great nation's heart is near
These sheltering trees that whisper cheer.

This little army's wings of white,
Outspread to-day as flecks of light,
Seem beckoning us to greater height
Where poise in balance wrong and right.

Men strong in daring, stanch and true,
Have cleared the country, had to do
With laws and problems. Honor to
Their stouter courage through and through !

We women, bound by love's strong ties
To family life, were slow to rise
And by our instincts equalize
The outer thought to means devise

Whereby our children, nurtured pure,
Might go beyond our voice secure
Of home protection, and mature
Unto their best, without allure.

Somehow, some way there must be place
For purity to walk apace
With culture. Civilization's face
Broadens to smiles in western space.

Beyond, anear, afar, God knows,
Are better times where wrong's bars close,
And Christ Himself will interpose
To conquer right's ignoble foes.

Perhaps this ancient camping wold
May some great secret for us hold.
We wait, as Samuel did of old,
The Lord's voice here. He has foretold

This message through the ages past :
No trust on Him is vainly cast.
His power is wondrous, loving, vast,
And prayers have answer sure at last.

A BLOSSOM OF MOTHER-LOVE.

An impromptu read at the opening of the Pennsylvania W.C.T.U.
Convention at Scranton, October 15, 1890.

THE breezes blow, the grate fires glow ;
October homes are fair to see,
And a mother's heart is ever a part
Of the babe upon her knee.

Her life is bound to the child ; around
Its motions the tendrils cling ;
She screens it there from blight and care,
And yearns that years may bring

A wealth of joy to her girl or boy.
The mother-love, great and free
In its close embrace, through time we trace
Into immortality.

For soon, from rest on the parent's breast,
The active child descends,
And reaches out, with a laugh and shout,
For toys the world but lends.

The innocent one, the daughter or son,
Is watched, as the months elapse,
With trembling fear. There are brambles near,
And yawning, open traps.

The dangers haunt. There is woe and want,
The eyes of the mother see,
And she leaves her chair, in tender care
For the child that outgrew her knee.

She guides her own, by God's grace shown,
Mayhap in the path of light ;
Then, with loving care for the motherless there,
She reaches into the night.

There are boys and girls, bright eyes and curls
That have known no soft embrace ;
There is crying need for a hand to lead,
With love, to a surer place.

The mother kneels, her soul she feels
Pulse warm with grand desire ;
Her voice uplifts, " Take, God, my gifts,
And all my powers inspire

" Unto Thy will," she prays, " and fill
My courage to the brim.
That child of mine, the world is Thine.
Enlarge my vision dim."

With pleas and thanks, to higher ranks
The nation's mothers glide ;
In heart and hand together band
To stay temptation's tide.

The breezes blow, the forces grow,
From strength and struggle born,
Till woman's arm can shield from harm,
Her love rose-tip the thorn.

The darker past is fading fast,
When she, in helpless ease,
Sat wrapped in thought and, all untaught,
Lost opportunities.

We gather here, good Scranton ; cheer
From many homes we bring ;
The Keystone State will, soon or late,
Off license shackles fling.

Your trees unfold their flags of gold,
While hills, in scarlet dress,
Whisper of faith ; October saith,
" Persistence wins success."

The nation's power, her budding flower,
Is well-trained mother-love.
The opening bloom haloes the gloom.
God watches still above.

FREE COUNSEL.

Of course, dear girls, you never give
A thought to matrimony.
You may, if forty years you live,
Though 'twould be rare and funny.
But what has been may be again,
And, lest you chance to marry,
I'll tell you something known of men
To muse on while you tarry.
Some of them will drink brandy,
And whiskey, if it's handy.
Sad woe will sure betide her
Whose lover sips hard cider.

It's best to bear this news in mind,
And watch, while you are waiting,
The various grades of humankind.
(I am not idly prating.)
Whether or not you wish to wed,
Some temperance bread be brewing;
Some better food than wine, so red,
Be to the nation strewing.
Lest men should drink of brandy,
And whiskey, when it's handy;
Lest woe should stand beside her
Whose lover sips hard cider.

Mankind is strong, mankind is weak ;
 Time's plough turns out the axiom,
 And every furrow bears a streak
 To prove the old, old maxim.
 Support the weak ! Women have tried,
 Dear girls, for weary ages,
 And, borne down by the burden, died,
 Laid by, the drunkard's wages.
 Some men will drink of brandy,
 And whiskey, if it's handy.
 Sad woe will sure betide her
 Whose lover sips hard cider.

Cling to the strong ! make others strong !
 Have pity for their weakness.
 Don't let pity drag love along
 To any tippling meekness.
 And if you wed, the temperate wed ;
 Be upheld while upholding.
 Then pray for those through darkness led,
 A stronger love enfolding.
 Pray, pray they drink no brandy,
 Or have of whiskey handy,
 And that no girl beside her
 Has lover sipping cider.

A WILD-ROSE SPRAY.

Part of a poem read at the unveiling of a banner, containing a spray of wild roses, at Ambler, Pennsylvania, November 5, 1891.

PALE and pink is the wild, wild rose that garlands
the way-side free ;
Its breath is sweet to the mendicant there as it is to
you and me.

It is not for the favored the wild rose grows ; it is
not for the few it blows ;
But for the multitude, as they pass, it smiles, the
sweet wild rose.

Although we have prisoned a spray in type of work
we aim to do,
It is only a type : its breath was left with the way-
side it passed through.

A memory gathered to tell of life and its dream of
bramble-wood ;
Its leaves and thorns, that are half forgot when the
blossom-time is good.

A memory ! yes, there is many a rose of the past for
you and me,
Bannered safe in our hearts that only God can see.

VOICES OF THE NIGHT.

Read at a mothers' meeting at Norristown, the day following the
incident.

SOFTLY swung the air of May-time,
And the borough clock struck ten.
Gowned and slippered sat I, reading
At my library-table, when

On the breath of night there reached me
From the street a helpless cry,
As of some tired child, bewildered.
"Wants its rest and nest," thought I.

Then I read mistakes of Russia,
Social remedies proposed ;
But the troubled cry repeated
Through the door and window closed.

Up I sprang, and from the porch-way
Peered into the darkened night ;
Paced the length of my dominion,
Listened, heard naught. To the light

Turned I silent then, and took up
Economic lines of thought,
Dross and problems of the nations
That are being weighed and wrought ;

Until roused again by sobbing
Of a child that was without ;
That same weakling plaint continued,
Broken cries of loss and doubt.

“Surely I must find that baby,”
Said I, rising, flinging wide
Open the broad door beside me,
“Find and have it pacified.”

’Neath the sentinel line of maples
That o’erhung the pavement red
With the unfurled flags of May-time
And dropped shadows on my head,

Close beside the porch there tottered
A wee child, of summers two,
Making doleful lamentations.
Lost ! “Oh, babe, come hither, do !”

And I reached my arms, enticing,
Through the darkness to the child ;
But the little face turned from me,
Toward the maple trunk it smiled.

There my scrutiny discovered,
As it tried to catch his hand,
Leaned the father of the baby,
By the strength of rum unmanned.

When it found the hand unanswering,
Bitterly it cried again,
Pulling at his trousers faintly.
Pityingly I spoke out then,

"Can you see and hear your baby?
Can you take it home to rest?"
Vaguely stooped he down and kindly
Pressed the baby to his breast.

With a pleading, sleepy prattle
The tired child had fain beguiled;
But the man looked helpless at me:
"I can't understand my child."

"Home and sleep it wants," I answered.
Then, with long, uncertain stride,
Criss-cross to the fence and maples,
Gained he little length beside;

Trying to take home the baby,
But it seemed beyond his ken;
And he put it down to rest him:
How the hushed child cried again

For the arms too weak to hold it,
For protecting parent care
That should meet the hungry pleading
Of the babies everywhere!

He looked back at me and took it,
Staggering 'gainst another tree.
"I will help you home," I answered.
"Wait; I'll be back presently."

Off my slippers flew and quickly
Shod for street I reappeared,
Took the baby, said, "Now, comrade,
We are off. The way is cleared."

Half afraid, the child's hand reaching
From my shoulder back to him,
Felt secure but in his holding.
Thus we walked through shade and dim,

Stopping as we need to rest him,
Going at the child's demand,
Till we neared an open door-way
And beheld a woman stand

Peering out into the darkness,
Calling "Bertha! where are you?"
"Mamma," sobbed the child I sheltered,
"Me was lost and papa too."

Slipping from me to the pavement,
Little form by mother clasped.
Baby, father, mother happy,
For they each had what they asked.

Turned I in the street unnoticed,
Gained with ease my library light,
Pondering not on Russian troubles,
But these voices of the night.

THE KITCHEN GRACES.

An impromptu written and read at a meeting, March 1, 1889, on
the given subject.

THERE's a little group of graces
That within the kitchen dwell
When we bend with smiling faces
To perform each duty well.

And the lily fingers slender
Of the matron or the maid,
That with ready deft surrender
The white key-board they have played

For the music of the kitchen,
And with harmony imbue
Humble, common things, those which in
Discords often make ado,

Have caught movement of the graces.
There's an adage we have heard :
"Joy with labor interlaces
When our energies are stirred."

Tasks are light if hearts be willing,
And performed with cheerful ease.
Why, a penny seems a shilling,
Burnished by a thank or please.

If we've frowns and thoughts that wrangle
With our visions of content,
They will easiest untangle
'Neath the open firmament.

Sun and wind will temper settle
That a range fire would explode.
Laughter best will coax the kettle
All along the boiling road.

We will hear it singing, singing
To the glad coals at its feet,
While the moments, onward winging,
Fan the graces that we meet.

There are numerous kitchen crosses,
Every housewife must confess,
But we never count life's losses
When we woo its peacefulness.

In the high or lowly places,
As our duty may reside,
We would ask the kitchen graces
To continually abide.

HOW IT IS.

An equal-suffrage song. Music by "Silver Lake Quartette."

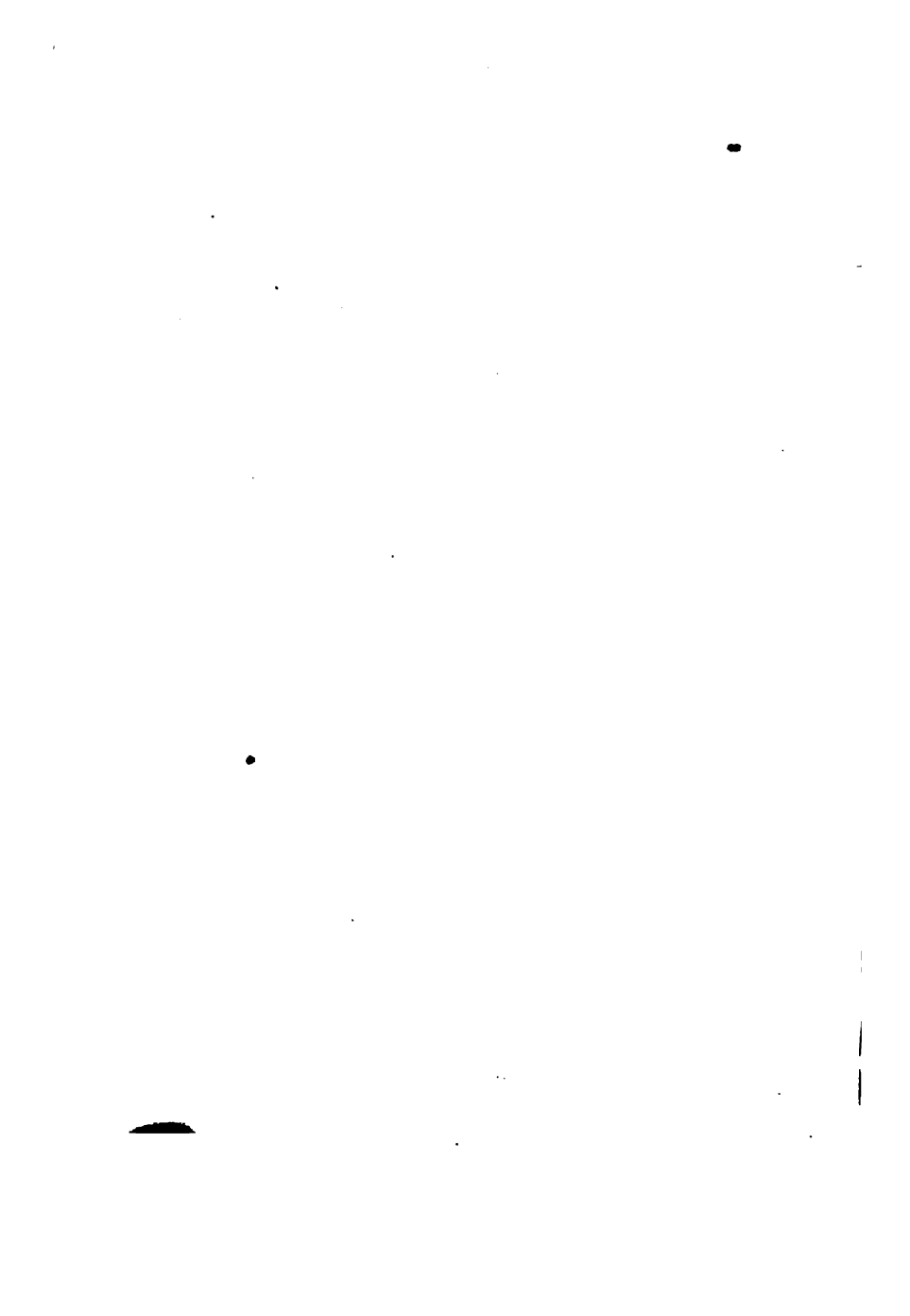
CULTURED, beautiful, and fair ;
Black and brown and golden hair ;
Daughters of my fondest care,
Freedom's a deluding snare.
Half the human race, you see,
Is deprived of liberty.
Cook or coachman, butler, he
Says he'll vote for you and me.

Represent us as before
The emancipation war
Masters up the suffrage bore
Of the slaves they held in store.
Half the human race, you see,
Is deprived of liberty.
Man from Ireland, Germany,
Says he'll vote for you and me.

Once your father voted too,
But my fortune winged and flew ;
Then with banks he had to do
Till he disappeared from view.
Half the human race, you see,
Is deprived of liberty.
Man in Canada, though free,
Cannot vote for you and me.

Wards of legal slavery,
Cultured daughters, we must be.
Voiceless by the world's decree,
Though the African is free.
Half the human race, you see,
Still deprived of liberty.
Whiskey drinkers, negroes, they
Vote and we the taxes pay.

A CALENDAR.



JANUARY.

Nor a moment Time has stilled,
With his cornucopia filled
 To the brim.
Not a moment: years, the pages,
Pass the full horns down the ages
 Shaped by him.

And the new, before unchristened,
That have in the future glistened,
 Smile to place.
This the order of progression;
This the triumphal procession
 Known to space

Not a moment may we borrow
From the past or the to-morrow
 For the now.
Ours the present, ours the forces
That may fit its best resources
 To earth's brow.

FEBRUARY.

Soft the snow-flakes fall and cover
All unsightly things that be ;
Crystal-winged as birds from heaven ;
Voiceless, yet they sing to me.

Sing so low my soul but listens,
As it waits on wave of thought.
"Perfect love and faith," the words are,
"Child, behold what God has wrought !"

Pure and white the singers flutter,
Nestle in earth's heart and mine,
Little snow-flakes, and their message
Is a glad world's valentine.

THE LADY MARCH.

MARCH so fickle, March so fair,
Pouting, shy, with wind-blown hair,

Nut-brown shawl and crocus cup,
Smile that lights the whole world up,

Frown that sends a quiver chill
Through the pulse of vale and rill.

Promises are in her eyes,
And, coquetting, she denies

All the gossip of the frost.
Every icy key is lost.

While affecting search, she sings
"Open Sesame," and flings

Veils from Nature's fairy throng.
Green and gold, though hidden long,

Dance out at the magic call ;
"March and Easter !" shout they all.

· APRIL COURAGE.

AN April day is waking.
God's promises are true.
The crocus buds are breaking,
With smiles, the brown earth through.

Take courage, you who're sowing
Good seed for future hours
Where adverse winds are blowing :
They'll germinate in flowers.

Although the soil seems fallow
You plant with fondest care,
And blind rocks make it shallow,
An April will be there.

A MAY PARABLE.

THE earth throws back her slumber-robe,
And, kissed awake by showers,
Reaches her emerald banners out
And laughs a wealth of flowers.
Dear, gladsome May ! how sweet, how fair
Your parable appears !
An oft-read lesson, yet how fresh
It blossoms through the years !

The frosts, we know, are not for long,
The snows melt as they fall,
The torpor of a winter dark
But waits a May-day's call.
Life cannot die, nor efforts freeze ;
Great natural laws control :
This is the season's parable,
And God directs the whole.

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A FOURTH OF JULY PROPHECY.

WHEN will come the declaration
That will make us wholly free?
When the July independence
Of our fuller liberty?
We are cramped with heavier taxes
Than could ever rest on tea;
We are bound by chains, close welded
To degrading slavery.

Where is freedom, bought by struggle,
Which should pæan out its glee?
Where, oh men who claim the nation,
Can this precious purchase be?
Floundering in the cup of license,
Parasite of industry,
We have found it, heavy-hearted,
Linked to dregs of misery.

On some Fourth, with cannon booming,
Will the old cup burst in three;
An emancipated people
Shout, rejoicing, "We are free!
Free from all the past dishonor;
Free with wrong to disagree;
Free to ask a July blessing
On our rescued purity."

AN AUGUST LULLABY.

LULLABY, lullaby, lullaby ;
Rest for a moment, love ;
The August sun is dropping
His firebrands from above.
Rest in the elm-tree's shadow ;
Rest by the cooling rill
That dances through the meadow.
Be, for a moment, still.

Lullaby, lullaby, lullaby ;
A slumber-touch, a dream
To the weary, cheerful worker
Enhances autumn's gleam.
Hush, by the elm-tree's shadow ;
Hush, by the cooling rill ;
Kiss the buds of the meadow
To keep thy heart-throbs still.

Lullaby, lullaby, lullaby,
Nor think the rest unblest.
In nature's hours of silence
We sometimes heed God best.
Beneath the elm-tree's shadow,
Beside the cooling rill,
Abroad and in the meadow
Are records of His will.

SEPTEMBER.

SWEET September, I remember
All the happy days of yore.
You were rich in purse and color ;
You were lavish of your store.

Blessèd season ! We have reason
To give thanks forevermore,
As the wealth of grain is garnered
And fruit mellows to the core.

We are gleaning half the meaning
Of repeated autumn lore ;
Gathering up the rightful product
Of seed planted heretofore.

Spring for sowing, summer growing,
Autumn gathering into store
All the golden wealth perfected
In the fields we travel o'er.

Liberal treasure without measure,
Volumes greater than before
Of September's grateful incense
Reach the Giver we adore !

OCTOBER RECKONING.

STUDYING out the problem
O'er which nations blunder,
With a strength of purpose
Ages cannot sunder,
Are the Union soldiers ;
While, in crimson raiment,
Ripe October offers
Earth her gold in payment.
Gold for all the green leaves,
Fruit and grain attendant ;
Gold for power existing
And for bloom resplendent ;

Settlement of nature,
With no marked delay.
Time and progress pause not
In their onward way.
Pattern we, and reckon
March of volunteers ;
Summing up the service
As in other years ;
Gathering in convention
For a grand review,
Golden fruit to offer
And our vows renew.

NOVEMBER.

THERE's nothing like November,
With its no, no, no ;
Its nomenclature notions,
Notices of snow.

Noctambulist the Summer,
Nodding no, no, no,
Is from her wigwam noting
Kisses she may throw.

The nomads of November,
Singing no, no, no,
Are nominees of promise,
While the northers blow.

The noctograph presented,
Notched with smiles and no,
Of notable November
We would now noise so :

Notation for November
And for wrongs no, no.
Nodosity is nothing,
Noetic notions grow.

DECEMBER.

THE birds fly north, south, east, and west ;
Sins and blessings come home to rest ;
But the year we lose at Christmas-tide
Is never again the Summer's bride.

THE END.

